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NOTES.

MR. HENRY NORMAN has written us another letter, in which he acknowledges that his enthusiastic belief in the courage and patriotism of the Greeks was "wholly wrong." With natural human perversity he seeks to atone for his mistake by convicting us, too, of error. We did not believe in the Greeks making war; we spoke of their policy as mere bluster, and up to the moment when war began declared that they were only bluffing. All this seems to Mr. Norman a foolish error; but, strange to say, we persist in it. It takes two to make a fight, says our English proverb; and even Mr. Norman will scarcely maintain that the Greeks fought. They bragged and bluffed splendidly, and when the Turks advanced they bolted. We think that even after the event we may be excused for reiterating that they never meant business. Out of courtesy to a brother journalist, we should have inserted Mr. Norman's letter *in extenso* had he not disfigured it by again assailing the character of our Correspondent, whose very identity he admits in this letter he does not know for certain. We regret that he should thus injure himself, and we close this controversy by asserting again that we prefer to believe the statements of our Correspondent rather than the belated and vague denials of the King and Crown Prince of Greece.

There can be but one objection to the elevation of Mr. Justice Henn Collins—he cannot be given to the Court of Appeal without being taken away from the Queen's Bench. No doubt he will make an admirable appellate judge. He knows his law and his own mind and has the manners of a gentleman. But that is the kind of man the Queen's Bench wants too, and where is it to find him? True, there are yet judges remaining over. There is Mr. Justice Lawrance, Mr. Justice Kennedy, Mr. Justice Grantham; but—where is the required combination? We have gentlemen left; we have one lawyer—who will be much occupied in the future with railway and canal work—and, at least, one man of the world, who, having scrupulously followed the example of the late Master of the Rolls in clinging to his post, may now, perhaps, follow him one step further.

Last week there were the parting Judges to speed; this week there is a new Judge to welcome. But why Mr. C. J. Darling, Q.C., M.P.? We have seldom seen Mr. Darling in the London Courts, though we have heard he has a fair practice on Circuit; but then even Judges of the Queen's Bench Division sit sometimes in London. Therefore his appointment is not readily accounted for by his legal qualifications. On Tuesday the "Times" regretted there was some foundation for

the rumour that he was to be appointed. On Wednesday there were found some sanguine enough to say that the article of the day before had been read at Balmoral, and had checked the application of the sign manual. Therefore the result is not due to popular acclamation. Why, then? The phrase is trite, but "cherchez la femme!" Few people seem to know that the Fates had definitely settled the event as long ago as Whitsuntide.

Lest the editor of Debrett may be tempted to transfer Mr. Darling's coat-of-arms from the "House of Commons" to the "Judicial Bench," we beg to inform him that the said collection of three-legged cooking-pots is absolutely of no authority whatever. As Mr. Darling himself put it, his Border ancestors had no scruple in appropriating other men's cattle, so it was hardly likely that they would have any hesitation in lifting a coat-of-arms.

Lord Esher on his retirement has been created a Viscount. The honour is undoubtedly the spoonful of jam that sweetens the necessary pill; and as such it undoubtedly detracts from the dignity of Lord Esher's act of self-renunciation. Lord Ludlow's elevation to the Peerage is now of course explained in the same manner by his retirement. Still, in itself the conferring of these dignities is commendable, inasmuch as it may induce some others upon the Bench to retire in the hope of good things to follow.

Though the logomachy between Lord George Hamilton and Mr. Morley may amuse the gallery, it leaves untouched the substance of the whole matter. The blunder of the Indian authorities did not lie in making mental reservations, or in untimely indulgence in dialectic ingenuities. Giving them, if they insist upon it, every credit for good faith, this much is certain: that, to gain access in the shortest possible time to Chitral, they sent British troops, without having preliminarily asked or obtained the assent of the tribesmen, through the independent territory of Swat. This may have been rendered obligatory by the position in which the Chitral garrison found itself, for one blunder leads to another. Having meddled and muddled in Chitral, it may have become necessary to the Viceroy next to violate the independent territory of its neighbour, Swat. But, when it was decided that this must be done, the conditions in which this more than questionable step was to be carried out should have been stated in the clearest and the most unequivocal terms. That they were, on the contrary, expressed in the most ambiguous possible language is evident from the fact that no two persons of ordinary, or of extraordinary, intelligence among ourselves can agree as to what is or is not their meaning. The blunder of the Government lay, not in

ts employment of casuistry, but in its lack of common sense and prudence.

The case against the Indian Government is—firstly, that it forcibly and without provocation marched its troops through the territory of independent tribes; secondly, that in doing so, notwithstanding their well-known fanaticism and hostility, it neglected to make such needful explanation and unmistakable pronouncement of its intentions as were required to enable the tribesmen at a glance to understand the precise position in which they suddenly found themselves; thirdly, that, having finally decided to retain troops within the territory they had arbitrarily violated, they wholly failed to see, and absolutely refused to be warned, that they would inevitably, and in brief space of time, draw down upon their heads reprisals, and that violence would be met by violence. It is scarcely possible not to see in these high-handed and seemingly short-sighted measures the habitual indifference of military men to considerations other than those of their own craft. But what were the other advisers of the Viceroy thinking of?

If it had been the deliberate desire of the Indian Government to provoke tribal hostility, surely it could not have shaped its measures to that end more effectively. When the fighting is over, and inquiry into the whole miserable business begins, there will come a day of reckoning for such imbecile blundering. Who, for example, was responsible for keeping the Government of India informed of the state of feeling across the frontier since 1895? Though a combination so extensive as to result in a practically simultaneous rising of the several tribes lying along the whole North-West frontier must have taken many months to prepare, the Government of India seems to have securely slept over it till after the train had been actually fired. What were its "politicals" doing? Are these the same gentlemen who in 1895 assured Lord Elgin, and caused Lord Elgin to assure Lord George Hamilton, that a peaceable occupation of Malakand and Chakdara might be counted on? If so, we can only say that the sooner we get fresh blood among our frontier political officers, and relegate the present simpletons to other duties, the better in the interests of our own security. Meanwhile their ignorance and inefficiency have brought upon the administration in India, in our own and in foreign estimation, a degree of distrust and discredit which has not been witnessed since 1842.

It is more than unfortunate that at a time when its finances are again in deplorable disorder the capable financial Secretary at the India Office, Sir Henry Waterfield, should have been compelled by overwork and failing health to take long leave of absence. An understudy to Sir Henry Waterfield cannot be easily found at short notice. This is the more to be regretted because, strange though it may seem, there is not one of the members of the Secretary of State's present Council who has ever had any practical experience of Indian finance or has in any way been responsible for the financial administration of India. If no one else is available, Sir James Westland should be at once summoned home to take his seat on the Council. It is unsatisfactory that the present state of matters should exist at all; but that in such a crisis of Indian finance it will be allowed to continue is incredible.

The death of the Duchess of Teck reminds us of how narrowly she escaped being the wife of the delightful Plon-Plon. Although Napoleon III. had had practical proof that the Coburgs would, if possible, prevent his alliance with a member of the English Royal Family, he returned to the charge a few years later and hinted at a marriage between Jérôme's son and Princess Mary of Cambridge. It was Palmerston to whom the Emperor broached the subject, on the occasion of one of the latter's frequent visits to the Tuileries. Free-trade was in the air then. "A marriage between your Majesty's cousin and Princess Mary!" exclaimed Palmerston; "I am afraid that is out of the question. The Prince is somewhat too much of a free-trader, and though England may be pleased to see most duties

abolished, I doubt if she will want to abolish conjugal duties." The Emperor smiled and dropped the subject. The woman who subsequently became Plon-Plon's conjugal victim was the daughter of Victor Emmanuel.

Lord James of Hereford made rather a foolish speech at Ramsbotham on Monday. He upbraided Mr. Morley and Mr. Asquith for attacking the Government in their recent speeches to their constituents. "If the Government had done wrong," he said, "they ought to be attacked, but they should be attacked in the first instance within the walls of Parliament." At this the good people of Ramsbotham—a little town in the wilds of Lancashire—cheered, and it is a little difficult to decide whether the speaker or his audience was the more foolish. Surely the Opposition is to be allowed to attack the Government during the Recess, the more especially since one of the main points to which Mr. Morley and Mr. Asquith directed their attention was the Indian Frontier Policy of the Government, the evil results of which have declared themselves since Parliament rose. It was no mere slip on the speaker's part, for a little later he said that the Government had no opportunity of replying to these attacks, which was disproved by the very fact that he, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, was at the moment speaking from a public platform. We cannot believe that Lord James of Hereford is so stupid as these silly remarks would imply.

As a former Secretary for War Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman might have had something of importance to say with regard to the prospective increase in the strength of the army. In his speech at Stirling on Monday, however, he carefully avoided committing himself to anything, in this following the example set him by his colleagues of the Opposition, whose Recess speeches reveal only too plainly the fact that the Liberal party is at present groping in the dark for a set of new principles warranted to win an election. If there is to be an increased expenditure on the army—and there is no doubt that this is to come—it is essential that there should be at the same time a thorough overhauling of the methods and the organization of the War Office. For an effective army on a peace footing of 156,000 men we pay every year some £18,000,000. For an expenditure of little more than one-third as much again France has a standing army three times as big as ours, and Germany a similar one for half as much again. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman might usefully have contributed something from his own experience at the War Office to help in the solution of the problem, how to get better value for our expenditure on the army and to prevent the enormous waste which undoubtedly goes on. He contented himself with declaring that the idea of conscription in England is absurd. It is not quite so absurd as he thinks.

The most important speech of the week was undoubtedly that of Sir Charles Dilke at Sunderland on Tuesday. He described himself as an "independent and advanced Radical"; but it is difficult from the content of his speech to differentiate him from an independent and progressive Tory. No man has said a harder thing of his own party—if the disorganized horde of Liberals and Radicals can be called a party—than his description of them as "waiting like molluscs on the seashore till the tide flowed once more." The fact is that Sir Charles Dilke is not nowadays a party man at all. His point of view is that of a man of great common-sense, with no illusions concerning the virtues or vices of either democracy, aristocracy, or plutocracy, and possessed of a vast amount of information on all political questions. His opinions often coincide with our own, which we take to be those of Progressive Toryism, holding fast to all that is good, but favouring every advance that makes for the real welfare of the people and the power and prosperity of the Empire. It is true that he still sticks to the shibboleth of Free-trade and holds a pious opinion with regard to the uselessness of a Second Chamber. But a Radical who deprecates an attack on the House of Lords and maintains that no reason has been given why the electorate

at the next General Election should turn out the Tories and put in the Liberals can scarcely be reckoned a determined partisan. With Mr. Chamberlain inside the Government as the active force making for useful social legislation and Sir Charles Dilke outside playing the part of the candid friend to the Liberals, there seems no reason why the Tory Government should not continue in power indefinitely. The pity of it is that Mr. Chamberlain is not at the Board of Trade or the Local Government Board instead of at the Colonial Office. In domestic administration he could do much good. As Colonial Secretary he has so far done little but mischief.

Mr. Courtney tries very hard to persuade himself and others that the Liberal-Unionists still exist as an independent party. His strenuous and rather punctilious political conscience revolts at the thought that he and his friends have been swallowed by the Tories. On Wednesday he treated his constituents at Liskeard to quite a profound little essay on the subject, the point of which was that, if there had been no Liberal-Unionists, the Voluntary Schools Act of last Session would have been quite a one-sided affair. It was very laboured and very dull, but Cornishmen have queer tastes, and perhaps they like these academic discourses with which Mr. Courtney supplies them in lieu of ordinary political speeches. Everybody respects Mr. Courtney, but he is not always loved. Perfect honesty is a beautiful quality in the abstract, but as part of a man's political baggage it is apt to be more useful to the enemy than to his friends. In this case it led Mr. Courtney virtually to declare that neither the Duke of Devonshire nor Mr. Chamberlain had been able to give effect to the views of "the Liberal-Unionist mind" in the Cabinet before the Voluntary Schools Bill was introduced, and that the work had therefore to be done on the floor of the House. We suspect that in his inmost mind Mr. Courtney admits himself to be the only genuine Liberal-Unionist left, and believes in fact that he is "the Liberal-Unionist mind."

Sir George Faudel Faudel-Phillips has come to the end of his year of office and finds himself baulked of his ambition and the much-desired coronet. We learn on very sound authority that Sir George hinted his expectation when he received the offer of his Jubilee Baronetcy: and many of our contemporaries, in view of the special circumstances, gave credit to the foolish City rumour that he was then to receive a peerage. In fact, the "City Press," which spoke of a further honour at the close of the year, was the only paper with glimmerings of the truth. But the "further honour" has turned out to be only the G.C.I.E., instead of a G.C.S.I., or a peerage, both of which his friends, and probably Sir George himself, expected. But if Sir George is not tired of the paths which may or may never lead to the Peerage, he has a better chance in the future than in the past.

Mr. Balfour will not be allowed to carry his policy of Irish Local Government and University Education without a protest. The Rev. Dr. Kane of Belfast has unfurled the Orange banner and called on his followers to rally against the spoliation of Protestantism, and the gerrymandering of Ireland in the interests of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, which is his cheerful way of looking at it. The breach between the little clique of Orangemen who claim to dictate the policy of the Irish Conservatives and the Government was bound to come as soon as Mr. Balfour definitively decided to carry out his well-known views on the Education question, and the only point of interest now is to see how many Ulster members will be intimidated by the "No Popery" cry. With perhaps two exceptions, it is well known that they despise and ridicule Dr. Kane and his ignorant following; but whether they will have the courage to make a stand and support a policy which they know to be right and for the best interests of Ireland is another matter. The comic element in the situation is supplied by the circumstance that Dr. Kane is in active communication with the Marquis of Londonderry, the idea being to form a junction of the two "caves," that of the coal-owners, who are raging at Workmen's Compensation,

and of the Orangemen, who in their lurid dreams see the foot of the Scarlet Lady of Babylon placed on the neck of our prostrate Constitution. The Marquis of Londonderry, who is not a bright man, shows by nibbling at the bait that he is but feebly gifted with a sense of the ridiculous.

The powers given to the Board of Trade by the Conciliation Act of 1896 are, as we have previously maintained, of little practical use for the settlement of trade disputes. Mr. Ritchie's intervention in the engineering conflict has so far been of no use whatever, as the replies of the masters and the men to his suggestions for a conference sufficiently show. The rough basis of agreement he proposed has found no favour in the eyes of the Federated Employers, who now, as before, persist in their determination to have their way at all costs. They tell Mr. Ritchie that they are perfectly willing to settle the dispute and to meet the men in conference, provided only that the demand for an eight-hours day is unconditionally withdrawn. This is practically equivalent to a statement that they will agree to a settlement if the men will surrender, and it scarcely needed a communication to the Board of Trade to tell us that. With the rest of their verbose reply it is not necessary to deal, since it strays into recrimination against the leaders of the men and a dissertation on the state of the engineering industry. As a whole, it may be taken as a definite refusal to take part in a conference on the basis suggested by the Board of Trade, and is one more proof that the Conciliation Act can only be operative when it is no longer of any use—that is to say, when both parties to a dispute are tired of fighting and are willing to compromise their differences. It is clear that the masters are determined to continue the struggle to the end. But, in decreeing a continuance of the conflict, they have taken a step which cannot fail to bring public opinion to the side of the men.

It is refreshing to see how the eminent poetasters of the day are getting themselves found out in their old age. Only the other week it was Mr. Alfred Austin who mummied himself in the sacred cause of science; Sir Lewis Morris has long since leapt into oblivion. Now it is Sir Edwin Arnold who goes down alive into the pit; and the Largest Circulation in the World graciously erects a broken column over the place of his disappearance. Let any one, who supposes that Sir Edwin Arnold has left in him any of the makings of a poet, endeavour to read the doggerel rhymes "At Dargai," with which he made his last gasp in publicity during the past week, and he will thereafter hold his peace. Between such stuff and even the poor stuff which poets may occasionally write a gulf is fixed over which there can be no crossing. The point is not to be argued. We snap one stanza from the devil's dozen that go to form the "Bridge of Hell" over which Sir Edwin Arnold's muse makes its bat-squeak exit:—

"Men of the Gordon Highlanders!"
Colonel Mathias loudly cries,
'The General's orders are to take,
At any needful sacrifice,
Yonder position! His we'll make it,
The Gordon Highlanders will take it!'"

In the following verse the Gordons are to be found "drowning muskets on the hills"; and in the next, "homely Highland lit" and "buskin, plume and kilt" rush rhyming together to scare the hill-tribes from their "grim position." In the next they meet with "rebel hordes" of Sir Edwin's imagination—almost the only bit of imagination the poem contains. It is to be hoped that the "Daily Telegraph" takes a long time reaching the front: there will be little fight left in the Gordon Highlanders when this cold *douche* from the rear reaches them. Once upon a time Sir Edwin Arnold was supposed to be a great gun; we fear he has proved to be only a "drowned musket." If a faint funereal echo of a farewell shot may be discharged over the grave where this dead reputation lies buried, let it be this—

"It was (and greatly to their credit)
The Gordon Highlanders who did it!"

GREECE AND ITS PEOPLE.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

ATHENS, 17 October, 1897.

IT would appear as if there were still some few Englishmen who believe in the honesty of the Greek people and the future of the Greek cause. This little band of enthusiasts is headed by that able "Special Commissioner" of the egregious "Daily Chronicle," whose lightning sketches of the Balkan States excited as much amusement in Eastern Europe as they have admiration in ultra-Radical coteries at home. Of the Greek cause I can only say, God help it! Of the Greek people I here propose to write. I have known them for upwards of twenty years. I knew them before the war, I knew them during the war, and I have known them since the war. Of their rulers I have written plainly enough: I except the Royal Family, who have played a difficult game with honesty and courage. The rulers of Greece are worthy of the people, and it is of the people I now write. Cowards, bearers of false witness and liars are common national types. Of their cowardice all the Correspondents who fought with the Greek army have spoken in no measured terms; but these gentlemen, owing to their very hurried stay in the country, were only able to speak of the Greeks as they saw them in the field. I will give some other instances, not of a temporary failure of nerve when shot and shell are flying about, but of systematic and unashamed cowardice at a time when we Western races would be flocking to the Ministry of War begging for employment in any capacity. To write of things as I saw them in Athens, when an enemy was knocking at the gates of the country and able-bodied men in thousands were straining every nerve and employing every influence to escape military service, is enough to turn one's ink into gall. I will not write of Athens alone, where perhaps, owing to his Capuan life, the Greek male has become an emasculated creature, but I will travel from Corfu to Constantinople, and will give instances to prove that the Greek race is unworthy of the sympathy of honest and brave men.

Last autumn a talented English lad of good family and good fortune determined to spend the winter at Corfu. He had already, though barely out of his teens, made a name for himself in musical circles; he had earned the friendship of the great ones of the earth; he was a welcome guest in the house of the Dowager German Empress and of our own Princess of Wales. His compositions were the theme of common conversation, and the world was opening brightly for young Clement Harris. An enthusiast in all he undertook, he soon fell a victim to the wiles of the Ethnika Heteria. Before spring broke he had forgotten the hatred of Greek he had imbibed at Harrow, and was full of Greek wrongs and anxious for Greek freedom. War had not yet been declared when he threw in his lot with the cowards of Corfu. He became an enrolled member of the Andartes, and undertook to serve against the Turks when called upon. The call came soon, and early in April Clement Harris, with about threescore Corfiotes, determined to cross to Arta and join the army there being formed for the invasion of the Epirus. In good English fashion, the campaign was to commence with a dinner, and on the evening of his departure young Harris entertained some twenty patriots at his hotel. The steamer was in the harbour. His modest and very amateur fighting kit was packed; his baggage was left in charge of the hotelkeeper, and toasts were freely pledged to the Freedom of Epirus and Confusion to Turkey. As the evening wore on the head of the party went down to the steamer then lying in the harbour that was to take them across to Arta, and, returning, said she was so crowded, so dirty and uncomfortable, that they had better wait until another steamer should arrive. The young Harrow boy retorted that he had made up his mind to go that night, and go he would; so shouldering his pack he bade his Greek friends adieu and embarked for Arta. Early on the morrow the Greek officer who had been his staunchest friend appropriated his bicycle, another his camera, and another his

greatcoat; and whilst they fought the battle of words in Corfu, they allowed their English friend to shed his blood in their cause without striking a blow themselves. Arrived at Arta, Clement Harris found himself drafted into a company of about sixty Andartes, each of whom was furnished with a woollen cloak, a cap, rifle, and Albanian shoes, and twenty drachmas in money. Some of the men struck for more money, but their clamour was silenced with the retort, "You have a rich Englishman with you, he will pay for all your food." From Arta, Harris went to Louros and was hurt in the foot in endeavouring to put out the flames in the burning town. From Louros he marched over the hills to Pentopadia, where with half a dozen Andartes, all that remained of the sixty who had left Arta, he held a knoll to the right of the old Masonry fort. Here he fought as many a Harrow boy has fought before him and as many another will fight in the days to come, and when the Retire sounded and his five unwounded comrades sneaked away, young Harris stayed until a friendly bullet ended a career full of promise and laid low a lad who knew not how to fly. There were seventy Greek prisoners taken by the Turks that day. The brave Corfiotes of the Tenth Regiment knew how to save their skins, but they let their English comrade die without an effort to save him.

Now let us come to Athens. Daily, before and during the war, the Ministries of War and Marine were besieged by crowds of men and women—men drawn for service; women, the wives and mothers of those whose turn had come to fight. Were these men clamouring to be sent to the front; were these women pressing the claims of their loved ones for advancement? Scarcely. The men were applying for leave to stay behind, the women backing their application with tears. I myself met two men, clerks in English houses in Greece, who obtained medical certificates to avoid service. These were no solitary instances, nor was it thought a shameful thing to show a disinclination to go to the front. Hundreds, nay thousands, of able-bodied men drawn for service evaded their military duty. The officers were like the men, men like the officers. Cowardice was a virtue; patriotism, when put to the test of physical danger, a crime. In Constantinople the Greeks showed themselves even worse than in Athens. Thousands changed their nationality rather than run the risk of war, many even becoming Turkish subjects in preference to facing Turkish bullets. One man I heard of, a servant to an English officer in the Sultan's service, applied to his master for a certificate that he refused to let him go. His master, a stout old soldier, who did his share of trench-work before Sevastopol three-and-forty years ago, kicked the man into the streets with the pious hope that he might be overtaken by an Ottoman bayonet in his *bâpême de feu*. That patriot changed his nationality, and now wears the fez, but he is not in the service of an English pasha. To English people such cowardice as I have above cited would appear impossible, to Greeks it seems but natural. The very men who clamoured most for war were those who thirsted least to fight, and now when the campaign has ended in disaster, they speak not of disgrace but of treason. Why should we pay a war indemnity? they urge. Why should the frontier be rectified at our expense? We were never defeated. Larissa? Well, yes, we did abandon Larissa, but this was in obedience to orders from the King, who had received his orders from the Tsar. Pharsala? Of course we retired from Pharsala; strategic reasons rendered it imperative we should fall back on Domokos. Velestino? Here we won a glorious victory; here we slew 8,000 Turks (the real number being about 300), but the King was jealous of Smolensk and made him retreat. Had the Greek army been left to itself without the intervention of the King, the Athenian patriot endeavours to persuade you, it would long since have been at Janina and Salonica. All other nations with whom I have been thrown in contact can take their lickings like men. French and English, Austrian and Italian, Prussian and Russian, all have suffered reverses and all have buckled to and recovered themselves. Jena was the rallying-point of Prussia, Moscow of Russia, and Sedan of France. In those defeats there was no disgrace, but Larissa and Domokos were reverses where

not one redeeming trait was shown save by the Foreign Legion, who have long since shaken the dust of Greece from off their feet. For such a nation there can be no hope, for such a people there can be no sympathy save the natural pity all must feel for moral and physical cowardice.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

ON Monday last, after a very short illness, Mr. F. T. Palgrave, sometime Professor of Poetry at Oxford, succumbed to paralysis of the brain. He had lately entered his seventy-fourth year. Although the amount of Mr. Palgrave's published work is small, and of unequal value, his influence on poetical taste in England has been so great that he cannot be allowed to pass from our sight without a special tribute of respect. His career at Oxford was a very creditable one, but it was not until he left the University that his bias irresistibly turned towards the study of verse. In one of the most pleasing of his poems he has described the effect upon his mind of being presented, in 1845, to the venerable Wordsworth. The young Oxford enthusiast became a worshipper of the poet, at a moment when the Wordsworthian culture was suffering a temporary depression. But in 1849 a still stronger impress was made on the imagination and character of the young Palgrave by his introduction to and immediate intimacy with Tennyson, who remained for the rest of his life greatly attached to him. The influence of Tennyson on Palgrave was extreme; the elder instructed the younger in the art of verse, and was rewarded by a positive idolatry.

Later on, and for a considerable number of years, Mr. Palgrave devoted himself to the study of contemporary English art. He was identified in some measure with the spread of Ruskinism, and with the experiments of the early Preraphaelites, though his particular interest was in sculpture. He adopted the cause of Woolner with generous but injudicious warmth, and his name was brought abruptly and prominently before the public in 1862, in connexion with his violent attacks on Marochetti, whom he looked upon as Woolner's especial rival. His "Essays on Art" were collected four years later. But he had already performed, in a different field, the work to which he owes his wide reputation. He has himself recorded how, having formed the idea of an anthology of English lyrics on a plan more classical and more catholic than any which had yet been attempted, he took Tennyson into his confidence during a walking-tour at the Land's End. The great poet smiled on the project, greatly aided it by his counsels, and the result, in 1861, was that immortal little green volume, "The Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics," the original series of which, after innumerable rival publications, holds its place easily as the best of all existing English anthologies.

The firmness of taste, wide knowledge and graceful accomplishment which Mr. Palgrave exhibited in the notes and arrangement of the "Golden Treasury" animated his successive critical publications, but he never repeated that epoch-making experiment. He wrote clearly and well, but a little coldly, on Herrick, on Keats, on Scott and—least known of these essays, but the best—on the Minor Poems of Spenser. In his youth he had composed a strange rhapsody called "The Passionate Pilgrim," dealing fancifully with a personal experience, and later on he essayed prose fiction in the "Five Days' Entertainments at Wentworth Grange" of 1868. Meanwhile edition after edition of the "Golden Treasury" continued to enforce upon fresh generations of readers the purest principles of poetic eclecticism. Mr. Palgrave's career, however, seemed to have practically closed when, in 1886, he was called to succeed Principal Shairp in the Chair of Poetry at Oxford, and in that capacity began, and for nine years successfully continued, a second period of usefulness. If he was not a very inspiring lecturer, he was at least a genuine and impassioned apologist of the poetic art.

The most pleasing of Palgrave's own verses are those which he published, in 1871, as "Lyrical Poems." In this volume he collected the best of what he had written in the course of thirty years. But never was there seen so strange an instance of a mind, exquisitely judicious

in regard to the compositions of others, powerless to criticize its own productions. Thought and even fancy were often present in Palgrave's verse, but melody never. His metrical infelicities were incorrigible. It may be said without exaggeration that he has left behind him not a single good line of poetry. It is not to be doubted that the consciousness of a failure that he refused to admit soured him. He was not contented with the high reputation which his critical writings had given him; he had tasted the pleasure of original composition, and he continued to put his lips to the evasive draught. In this, as in some other characteristics, he resembled that admirable critic, John Dennis, who lives for us, so unjustly because so incompletely, in the amber of Pope's satire. It is unhappily true that Palgrave, like Dennis, did not cultivate the art of sympathy. His taste was not supple enough to bend to fresh forms of expression, and probably after 1871 no new verse succeeded in giving him the least pleasure. It is said that when the first book of one of our most charming and most indubitable poets was placed in Palgrave's hands, he read it through, and then said, "I have but one remark to offer about this new writer; I observe that he makes *towards* a dissyllable." This impermeability to sympathetic impressions forbade the formation of fresh friendships, and left his old age intellectually solitary. But he preserved his pure enthusiasm for letters, and quite recently the publication of two compilations, the one dealing with Landscape in Poetry and the other endeavouring to supplement with modern instances his inimitable "Golden Treasury"—though neither was without evidence of failing judgment—displayed his untiring devotion to the history of verse. Francis Turner Palgrave was a man of large endowment, whose influence on taste in this country has been elevating and permanent.

THE GUINNESS PEDIGREE.*

OF the hundreds of new peerages which have been brought into existence since the commencement of the present reign, probably none have so derogated from the dignity of the Peerage, certainly none have caused a greater outcry amongst the members of the genuinely ancient families, than the creations of the Ardilaun, Hindlip, Burton and Iveagh Baronies. Not even the creations of the Ashton and Wandsworth Baronies raised so much ill feeling. They gave a handle to the malcontents, they were a peg whereon to hang an easy gibe; and with the four first-mentioned Baronies originated the sneer of the "Beerage." However, for Lord Burton I have an unqualified respect. No one could take exception to his pedigree. Even in Burke's Peerage (which seems to draw the line at no kind of fairy tale) Lord Burton begins his pedigree as follows:—"William Bass, born 1717, purchased in 1777 the house and land at Burton, co. Stafford, where he built a Brewery and laid the foundation of the business that has since developed into its present magnitude." For Lord Hindlip I have not equal respect; for, whilst all reference to his brewery is studiously avoided, his pedigree starts in the reign of Henry I. The pedigree is undoubtedly genuine down to a point whereat is mentioned a Samuel Alsopp who was known to be living in the latter part of the seventeenth century. Lord Hindlip can unquestionably trace his descent to a Samuel Alsopp living at that period. Whether these two are one and the same individual has never been satisfactorily proved; and Lord Hindlip, with an honesty somewhat rare in these days, points out the exact hiatus in his descent. For my Lords Ardilaun and Iveagh I have an unqualified contempt.

In almost half the cases in Burke's Peerage the real descent of a family is prefaced by some wild romance. Here is Lord Ardilaun's essay into the realms of fiction:—

"The family of Guinness claims descent from the ancient and eminent house of Magennis, in which formerly vested the Viscounty of Magennis of Iveagh. Several members of the Magennis family lie interred in the churchyard of St. Catherine's, Dublin, and, in the parish register, the transition of the name from Magennis to McGuinness or Guinness is clearly trace-

* "History and Pedigree of the Magennis (Guinness) Family of New Zealand and of Dublin." Compiled by Richard Linn, F.R.S.A. (Irel.).

able." The pedigree then starts abruptly with a Richard Guinness of Celbridge. Preposterous as that is, it is even exceeded in absurdity by the pedigree of Lord Ardilaun's brother, Lord Iveagh, which reads as follows:—

"The territory of Iveagh in Dalradia (now co. Down) was in early times the appendage of the family of Magennis. In 1380, when Edmund Mortimer arrived in Ireland, various native chiefs waited upon him, and amongst others Art Magennis, 'the Lord of Iveagh.' The name occurs in the public records of Ireland at a very early period, and its various forms of spelling—FitzGuennys, McGuinez, Guinez, Guineys—are given in the State Papers of Ireland: viz. 'As to the rest that cam over with him (O'Neyll, Earl of Tyrone) we made McGuinez, Knight, soo as now he must be called Sir Dol Guinez, and also made Arthur Guinez, Knight' (Calendar of State Papers, 1542, p. 429). In the reign of James I. Sir Arthur Magennis, of Rathfriland, in the co. Down, was created Viscount Magennis of Iveagh in the Peerage of Ireland. *That title is supposed to have become extinct in 1693.*" (The italics are mine.) The actual descent commences abruptly (as in the case of Lord Ardilaun) with Richard Guinness of Celbridge, born about 1680. Frankly, I have always been puzzled concerning the appearance of these introductory paragraphs, for the real history of the Guinness family is well known to genealogists, and it was always a very sore point with Sir Bernard Burke that Lord Iveagh was allowed to choose this title. The present Guinness family can put forward no plea either of ignorance of their real descent or of indifference to the matter of a pedigree. The contrary is well known. But in spite of this a small history of the Guinness descent has been recently published. With much other information the book contains a long pedigree. In its strange jaw-breaking names and the brevity of its details it is very much akin to the well-known genealogy in Genesis. It commences with Eathach Cobha (described as "his son," though whose son is not apparent), from whom Iveagh, a territory in the county of Down, is stated to have derived its name, and from that territory his descendants in after ages are supposed to have taken their title as Lords of Iveagh. He was succeeded by his son Crunnbhaaraí, and by his grandson Caolbha, the 123rd and last monarch of the Irian race, and 47th King of Ulster. His son Saraan, in spite of the foregoing statement, is also described as the last King of Ulster of the Irian race, *and he was living* A.D. 322 !!! There is nothing to be gained by repeating this mythical descent *in extenso*; suffice it to say that in the *thirty-fifth generation* we come to Sir Arthur MacGuinness of Rathfriland, according to this precious family history created "Viscount Iveagh." [As a matter of fact, he was created "Viscount Magennis of Iveagh," July 18, 1623. The fifth Viscount was *attainted* in 1691, when his Peerage became *forfeited*. This is a very different thing from its having become extinct in 1693, as Burke states.]

From this point the pedigree in this book "The Guinness Family," is continued as follows:—

"Conn, second son of Sir Arthur Magennis, first Viscount, married and had,—Hugh who married and had,—Ever who removed to Dublin. He married and had,—Richard Guinness of Celbridge."

This Richard Guinness of Celbridge was undoubtedly the great-great-grandfather of Lords Iveagh and Ardilaun, but that he was the son of Ever Magennis is an utter and absolute invention, unsupported by any vestige or tittle of proof. There are representatives of the name and family of Magennis still in existence, but they admit no relationship with the Dublin brewers. The ancient family was well known, for in 1783 a full account appears in the "Gentleman's Magazine" of the trial before a jury at the Old Bailey, in London, of Daniel Magennis, M.D., for the murder of John Hardy, hosier, of Newgate Street, in whose house he lodged. It appears that Dr. Magennis threw something out of his window on to the back skylight of the shop, and on Hardy going upstairs to remonstrate the Doctor stabbed him. He was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. The writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine" adds the following:—"The son of the

unhappy Dr. Magennis's elder brother takes the title of Lord Iveagh, but the title is not acknowledged by the House of Lords." So that the old Magennis family was then still in existence and well known at the time when the Guinness family were rising to wealth and prominence. No such fictitious relationship in those days did the brewers dare to put forward.

Here is the real origin of Lords Ardilaun and Iveagh. In the year 1750 the Most Rev. Arthur Price, Archbishop of Cashel, made his will. This after his decease was proved 3 August, 1752. After mentioning several other items the will proceeds, "I give my servant Richard Guinness one hundred pounds, to my servant Arthur Guinness, his son, one hundred pounds . . ." (then follows a list of other servants) . . . "but this is to be understood of such of my above servants as shall be in my service at the time of my decease." The above-mentioned Richard and Arthur Guinness were the great-great-grandfather and the great-grandfather respectively of Lords Ardilaun and Iveagh. When or where Richard Guinness was born, and who and what his father was, is utterly unknown. In spite of the efforts, and they have been many, made by the Guinness family to solve the point, it still remains a mystery, and the statement that he was the son of Ever Magennis and the great-great-grandson of the first Viscount Magennis of Iveagh is an impudent piece of sheer invention. I am not an Irishman, and am ignorant of the Irish language, but a thoroughbred native of the island assured me that Lord Iveagh had about as much idea how to pronounce the title he had chosen as he had the right to claim descent from the ancient Lords—in other words, the pronunciation and the descent are alike inventions of his Lordship. One thing, however, I should like to point out to Mr. Burke. If he makes the slightest claim or pretence that the pedigrees in his Peerage are of any authority, or that in the least degree they purport to be genuine, in common decency the two introductory paragraphs above quoted should be at once removed. If he does not make the pretence, of course I have nothing further to say.

X.

A PNEUMATIC THEORY OF ART.

AFTER the "Tactile Values" of Mr. Berenson, it is the turn of the Pneumatic Values. In the October number of the "Contemporary Review" two ladies, "Vernon Lee" and Miss Anstruther Thomson, embark on an ingenious and elaborate discussion of "Beauty and Ugliness." Their object is to prove, experimentally, that the apprehension of Form depends on various organic changes in the body of whose existence we have ceased to be clearly conscious, the chief of them being respiration and the muscular tensions that go to make up the sense of balance; moreover, that æsthetic pleasure or pain consists in the agreeableness or disagreeableness of these sensations. The ladies invite criticism of their theory, and I will endeavour, in the small space here at my disposal, to examine its foundation with due gravity, though my criticism must be so briefly stated as to seem perhaps discourteous. In the course of the article many things are said that are striking and may be true; but the main thesis, it appears to me, will take an immense deal of knocking into shape before it can be pronounced critic-proof, and then will come out a very different thesis indeed, and a much less important.

The idea is, then, to establish that in looking at an object and taking in its form, and in being pleased or annoyed by that form, we all of us (it must be all of us or the explanation is no universal explanation) undergo special experiences of breathing and balancing, and that if we do not undergo these experiences we neither apprehend nor enjoy Form. The authors appeal from their own experience, which they recount, to ours, and say, Look carefully into your sensations and you will find the same thing. Or rather, they ought to say this, since the validity of their theory depends upon it, but they do not exactly. They say instead, if I understand them aright: These are processes we all undergo, but through repetition they may be blurred, or by habit they may even be jumped; just as, for a pianist, a number of adjustments have become mechanical, un-

conscious, or altogether dropped. Now note that this will do for a theory of apprehension; it is possible to say to the objector who denies the experience: You really go through a number of bodily states, but you have ceased to be aware of them; it takes the deliberate investigator to reinstate and note them all. But it will not do for a theory of emotion, the very point of which is that we are conscious of the bodily state and that this consciousness is our pleasure or pain. I do not propose to discuss Mr. William James's well-known theory of emotion, according to which the physical state is the cause of emotion, not its consequence; e.g. you are startled and jump, and have the emotion of fright; the fright is the consequence of the jump, not its cause. But this is the theory the ladies are assuming, and it follows from it, that, once the physical reaction is suppressed, the emotion disappears as well. The man who controls himself so as not only not to jump, but not to have the feeling of wishing to jump, has ceased to have Fear; the woman who has no tendency to blush has ceased to feel Shame. So the person who is not conscious of those pleasant breathings and balancings of our authors, has, *ipso facto*, ceased to feel Beauty. The pianist himself, if pleasure or annoyance is attached to any link in the habitual chain of mechanical adjustments, must become re-aware of that particular adjustment; e.g. if his wrist is stiff or his eyes strained. The initial objection, then, of the reader—viz. I do not experience these bodily states—holds perfectly good, and if it is proved experimentally that a single person who is sensitive to the emotions of beauty and ugliness does not, as a matter of fact, experience concomitantly those breathings and balancings, it follows that they are no essential part of the enjoyment of Form, but merely accompaniments of excitement in certain individuals.

So much for an initial objection: let us now take at close quarters a description given by the authors of what happens in a selected case of the apprehension of Form. Observe, the apprehension only is here in question, the enjoyment is discussed later; but if the account of the apprehension proves to be merely personal, the theory of æsthetic emotion based upon it also falls to the ground. Here is the description of what happens in looking at a chair:—

"While seeing this chair there happen movements of the two eyes, of the head, and of the thorax, and balancing movements in the back, all of which we proceed to detail, following the attention (whatever the attention may be) which accompanies these movements. The chair is a bilateral object, so the two eyes are equally active. They meet the two legs of the chair at the ground and run up both sides simultaneously. There is a feeling as if the width of the chair were pulling the two eyes wide apart during this process of following the upward line of the chair. Arrived at the top, the eyes seem no longer pulled apart; on the contrary, they converge inward along the top of the chair until, having arrived at the middle thereof, they cease focussing the chair. Meanwhile the movements of the eyes seem to have been followed by the breath. The bilateralness of the object seems to have put both lungs into play. There has been a feeling of the two sides of the chest making a sort of pull apart; the breath has been begun low down and raised on both sides of the chest; a slight contraction of the chest seems to accompany the eyes as they move along the top of the chair till they get to the middle; then, when the eyes ceased focussing the chair, the breath was exhaled. These movements of the eye and of the breath were accompanied by alteration in the equilibrium of various parts of the body. At the beginning the feet were pressed hard on the ground in involuntary imitation of the front legs of the chair, and the body was stretched upwards. At the moment that the eyes reached the top of the chair and moved inwards along the line of the top, the tension of the body ceased going upwards, and the balance seemed swung along the top of the chair towards the right."

Further observations follow at a length too great to quote; but enough has been cited to show their character and drift, and my doubts accumulate so fast that I will choose this point to halt and express them. Briefly, I doubt whether the account even of the action

of the eyes represents anything that does or can take place; further, I think it demonstrable that breathing can in very rare cases be exactly concomitant with the action of the eyes; again, even if an act of breathing could accompany each act of sight, it could not in any way serve as a *mark* of the form looked at, since the same act of breathing must accompany the most diverse forms; and, lastly, all these sensations of tension, of pressure, of balance, have nothing to do with Form.

Let us clear this last point out of the way before taking up the others. It is odd that the authors overlook the fact that considerations of balance and so forth, with which the greater part of the article is occupied, do not enter at all into the perception of *Form*, but of quite another matter—namely, *Weight*. What they describe are sympathetic mimickings in the body of what is estimated to be the poise of the object looked at. But to deal with the apprehension of Form we must isolate that quality of an object from other qualities. An arch has poise and weight and thrust, but the Form of an arch has none of these; the shape of a chair has no weight. Thus we may cut off the observations of the feet pressing against the ground (what happens, by the way, if one is lying on a sofa while looking at the chair?), of the "lifting up" of the body, and so forth.

The ground thus cleared, we come back to the chair as a visible shape. I say visible because I think in the above description of seeing a chair one of those fanciful transpositions has taken place that are common enough in psychological theory. Let us begin, as the authors do, at the feet of the chair, though it is well to remember that we might begin anywhere; that there is no fixed order for the eyes in attacking a form (and therefore none for the breath). The first assumption of the description is that, because the object (like all visible objects, by the way) is bilateral, the right-hand eye runs up the right-hand side of the chair and the left-hand eye the left-hand side, and in this division of labour the two are "pulled apart"—i.e. squint out when the form widens and squint in when it narrows. This is a startling assumption, and appears to me to be borrowed from what happens when we pass the hands up the sides of the chair, and not to be the procedure of the eyes at all. Let the authors try the experiment again—viz. to focus, as they assert they do, two sides of the chair at once; they will find it impossible. When any point of the field of view is focussed, the two eyes surely focus it together. I use "focus" here, as the writers apparently do, in the sense of focus and fix with clear vision. But what conclusively sweeps away all these personal impressions as necessary processes in the apprehension of Form is the fact that we can shut one eye and take in the form with the other; there are hosts of people, indeed, whose eyes differ so much in focus that this is practically how they see, arriving, by the use of one eye, at the apprehension of Form and its enjoyment.

But now, for the sake of argument, let us suppose that the two eyes work in this eccentric way, and that to the right-hand eye is attached the right-hand lung and to the left-hand eye the left-hand lung. (I jump this last assumption, but the author will have to prove that a man who has lost a right lung suffers in his apprehension of form on the right-hand side.) And let us make, for the moment, another vast assumption which the theory requires—viz. that to each act or movement of the eye corresponds an act of breathing—how far should we be advanced by all this in establishing a correspondence between differences of shape and differences of breathing? Only to this extent, that the *time* taken by the eye to follow a particular form was the same as the time of a breath. But the eye may follow the same form in half or double that time, indeed in any variety of that time; the breath corresponding to that form is therefore no fixed quantity, no measure; an infinity of breaths may answer to the same form, one length of breath may answer to an infinity of forms. In the case supposed by the authors, then, of simple straight lines in a certain proportion to one another, no ratio or proportion would exist in the breaths, since none exists between the times of the looks or glances. The impossibilities thicken if we imagine forms that are not

straight lines; the account of a circle given by the breath will be the same as that of a straight line of equal length to its circumference, supposing always that the eye moves at the same pace. The breathing, in a word, has no means of registering or marking direction. The authors indeed seize on the analogy by which we speak of "up" and "down" in breathing; we have no doubt a tendency to inspire as we look up and respire as we look down. But this proves too little and too much. Too much, because, so far as form is concerned, the height of an object is the same as its depth; the eye may measure from top or bottom. Too little, because, although the authors have persuaded themselves that they have also a sensation of breathing "across" from lung to lung to accompany horizontal lines, I must beg leave to think it pure pictorial fancy, like the shapes into which some people visualize numerals. Even they do not describe a sensation of breathing "round" to accompany circles.

A word now as to the assumption that an act of breathing corresponds to each act of the eye. This assumption seems to me once more a complete misrepresentation of what happens in vision and breathing. I do not deny that by careful effort it may be possible to let the eye follow round some shape in the time taken by a single breath; I do deny that anything of the sort commonly or frequently occurs, and for the sake of the theory it must constantly occur. The habitual action of the eye in apprehending forms is not a steady progress round a boundary. Its action is more like that of a fly on a window, that makes a thousand excursions, investigates a part, now slowly, now fast, returns to it, loiters, and speeds on again. Imagine the breathing that should keep step with these excursions, most of them so swift that no breath could be taken in the time. The breathing, as a matter of fact, goes on tranquilly, quickened, checked, or oppressed by any general excitement, but making no impossible effort to pant, yawn and hiccup after the eye.

I am driven to conclude, then, that the eyes do not act as our authors suppose them to do; that even if they did, the breath could not possibly keep company with them; that if it could, a most distressing asthma must be the result, instead of a pleasing reinforcement of vision; and that even if this disturbance could be set up, it would bear no relation to visible proportion and shape.

Put the whole case negatively. We can apprehend Form with one eye, in such order, direction and rate of time as we choose; we can do so while holding our breath,* and while keeping our body still, thus negating all the conditions of Form-apprehension as stated in the theory.

These observations, then, seem to be merely a somewhat fanciful description of personal bodily disturbances in moments of introspection. There is one kind of Form and Art with which breathing has a direct relation. Breathing limits the forms of spoken words, phrases, periods, because it is the mechanism by which they are produced. In like manner it limits them when sung. This influence persists to some extent in the composition of instrumental music; but the general relation of breathing to music is that it has a tendency to fall in with the metre, not even in this native sphere coping with rhythm. The authors, by the way, would find a pretty puzzle before them in connecting breathing with vision, if they considered the common case of a man who, while intently examining the form of some object, whistles or hums a tune that some one is playing. On the theory he ought to become blind and indifferent.

D. S. M.

MR. MACCUNN'S NEW OPERA.

THERE seems to be an impression abroad that the Marquis of Lorne wrote the music of "Diarmid" and Mr. MacCunn the libretto. That impression I wish to correct. Though the posters of the Sunday papers

* The authors say it is impossible to recall a form with the eyes shut and the breath held. It is surely only uncomfortable, not impossible, and the discomfort enters for nothing in our admiration or distaste for the form.

referred to "The Marquis of Lorne's New Opera," the truth is that only the libretto is the Marquis of Lorne's. Moreover, a still small voice from pretty near headquarters has whispered to a few critics that the book was for some reason touched up by a well-known critic. I cannot believe this. Yet it is the fact that on Saturday night last, during the reign of wild enthusiasm after the third act, loud calls for the Marquis of Bennett were heard. I cannot make the faintest guess at the identity of the person meant. As a matter of fact he did not appear. A gentleman pointed out to me as the Marquis of Lorne did, at the close of the opera, and was loudly cheered by pit and gallery—whether as librettist or as Royal personage by marriage was not mentioned. And the criticisms in the dailies do not help one to determine. Roughly, they may be divided into two sorts. There is the flunkey sort which declares the book to be inevitably excellent, coming as it does from the pen of a gentleman whose relative has long been noted for her devotion to the fine arts, literature and music; and there is the democratic sort that, in its vulgar way, declares it to be just as inevitably bad, coming from the pen of a man in whom no faintest hint of human intelligence has ever been seen. Neither sort assists us to make a conjecture as to the public's opinion of the Marquis of Lorne. But never yet has the great British Public been guilty of wishing to stare at a Royal personage by marriage; and it would be ungenerous not to suppose that he was called solely as librettist. Before examining the music, let us look at the libretto which, presumably, so delighted the audience last Saturday.

This is the story. Fionn, King of the Fienne, is invaded by Eragon, King of the Norse. When the curtain rises the time is evening; "some soldiers are occupied in piling great stones on the walls to strengthen the fortifications"; other soldiers march in, and although the period is the second century, they form nearly in a square, "halt!" is called, and they sing a chorus, urging one another to work harder and ever harder. Then they decide in favour of "Sleep! rest and refreshment" (a line which Mr. MacCunn for some reason has omitted to set); and accordingly they lie down, apparently forgetting the refreshment. Diarmid, Fionn's principal warrior, enters, and tries to arouse them. He is followed by Eila, daughter of Fionn by his first wife, and she tells Diarmid that it is eventide and love's peace flows from land and tide. Although the stage-directions say the sentries have left the walls, she furthermore remarks that "Watching are the sentries, seaward." He very justly rebukes her—"Away! and tell thy father Fionn—rouse the chiefs!" She goes, and Diarmid prays first for victory and second for the love of women. "Shades of the Immortals" promise him the first, "Freya and her attendant maidens" the second. The Immortals make him invulnerable save in the soles of the feet—"In one place alone, Shall thy body feel Death; for thou art enchanted!" Freya also "gives him enchantment"—"All women who see thee Shall straight be enamoured." The curtain drops while he sleeps and Freya and her attendant maidens bend fondly over him. In the next act we find Fionn reproached with cowardice by his second wife Grania. Fionn asks her to be patient as he has some friends coming. She straightway changes her attitude and tells him to buy peace from the foe by sending Eila with presents. He objects; but when messengers bring the news that his friends have failed him he agrees. Eila takes the presents to Eragon and is laughed at for her pains. "O listen," she says, "else my folk will think I have not spoken as I should (*she weeps*)." The Norse seize her, and then Diarmid is heard challenging seven score of them to fight seven score of the Fienne. The challenge is accepted and of course Diarmid wins. The Fienne sweep the Norse off the stage and Diarmid alone is left triumphant. Eila and her fate are never again mentioned; and to this moment I cannot for the life of me understand why she is dragged in at all. In the next act we have a moonlight scene with elves and gnomes and hobgoblins dancing near a "Celtic circle of standing stones." Then the dawn comes and with it Grania. She makes love to Diarmid and finally persuades him to fly with her. In the last act they are still love-duetting; Fionn sur-

prises them and insists on Diarmid taking off his "footgear" and killing a boar. When it is killed he makes him walk over it. The bristles are poisoned and Diarmid dies, after asking for a drop from the king's "golden cup of healing." The king shows him the cup and throws it away. Meantime Grania has fled and nothing more is heard of her. The chorus shout "Whoa, whoa," as though the drama had proceeded far enough and they wanted to stop it as one stops a horse, the orchestra plays a kind of Amen, and, amidst general bewilderment, the curtain drops and the opera is over.

I have told the story in detail to justify my verdict on it, which is this, that the libretto is as bad as ever was offered to an unlucky opera composer. There is no continuity, no development, no sweet reasonableness, in it; it is a series of incoherent incidents. Various things happen, but why they happen no man, save perhaps the Marquis of Lorne, can guess. And if the Marquis of Lorne actually knows, I wish he would answer the following questions. Why is Eila brought in? what becomes of Grania? why does Grania taunt her husband with cowardice while urging him to a cowardly course? how does Fionn discover Diarmid to be vulnerable in the soles of his feet? why does Diarmid fall so suddenly in love with Grania? I ask these questions because one puzzles oneself with them while the opera is going on. The reason of everything is religiously kept secret. The noble Marquis evidently does not know that to withhold a secret from the audience is not playing fair, and not to play fair with your audience is a sure way of losing the game in the end. But if the Marquis of Lorne does not know this, Mr. MacCunn should have known it; and the more I consider it, the more I am amazed that he should have hoped to spin a successful opera out of such a book. It affords him scarcely an opportunity of showing what originality he possesses. It gives him no opportunity of attempting characterization, for the characters are the most characterless even in the history of opera-books. Excepting in the ballet it gives no play to his immense power of painting landscape in music. It gives him only a few chances of writing songs, and those few are spoiled by the verse. I have already given one or two samples of the Marquis of Lorne's "poetry"; let me give one or two more, which also serve to reveal his notion of the manners and speech of ancient barbarian fighters. Grania is reproaching Fionn:—

"Thus lonely is thy regal state,—O King!

Thou takest to the woods, like otter chased

From stream and shore! I thought I was a Queen

And wedded to a King who met his foes!"

Presently Fionn asks "How purchase peace from men who are like wolves?" Send Eila with presents, says Grania, and in a truly monumental line Fionn replies:—

"Eila! my daughter! for those cruel men!"

Thus spake the warrior-kings of old-time! But indeed the book is so full of such fatuities that to show how wildly impossible it is I should have to print it all, and it is, superfluously, copyright. One lays it down with immoderate mirth, tempered after a while by the thought that one of our most hopeful composers has wasted a couple of years in finding music for it.

The first thing that strikes one about the music is that the fragmentary character of the "words" has made the music fragmentary too. The first number is a complete chorus, isolated from the rest of the act; then Eila has a very long song, and in my opinion a very poor one, which is also cut off from the rest of the act, and a serious drag to boot on the already fainting exposition of the drama; then Diarmid's prayers for strength and the gift of fascination form a separate number, and the choruses of Immortals and of Freya and her attendant maidens are as distinct as the choruses in a Handel oratorio. In a word, here Mr. MacCunn has frankly gone back to the most old-fashioned modes of opera-music. Nor can it be said that the matter presented in this old-fashioned way is either new, very beautiful or powerful. The music given to the Immortals shows to what a degree Mr. MacCunn's imagination has been clogged by the noble Marquis's verse. It is simply a piece of church music which sounded more

churchy than ever at Covent Garden, when the voice of the harmonium or organ could be detected in the land. Of the mysterious Celtic feeling one might have expected to be exploited here there is no trace; neither is there any sign of it in the Freya music. This, indeed, with its reminiscence of some of the Fricka music from "The Rhinegold," seemed to me purely German; and it afterwards tails off into sheer Mendelssohn. The introduction and first scene, it is true, do give one a sense of the stormy scene when battle is in the air—that chorus especially, with its almost too free use of cymbals and big drum, is barbaric and full of energy, and would probably have created an impression invaluable to the opera but for the feebleness of the "words." But when everything said by the characters wars against everything said by the music, the composer stands a poor chance of winning. Eila's song, and in truth Eila herself, should forthwith be cut clean out of the opera. Musically the next act is weaker than the first. Mr. MacCunn has no vocal instinct: even in his songs he writes instrumental phrases; and when he tries declamation he fails utterly: he does not even get the accents in the right places. The fight however is exciting and the choruses which accompany it—or rather, describe it—though far more suited to the concert-platform than the stage, at any rate serve. The third act is the best in the work. The ballet is, I venture to say, the best ever written by an Englishman. It makes no pretensions to absolute originality, and has few traces of the Celtic feeling; but it is full of life and simply astonishes one by the wealth of orchestral resources it shows the composer to possess. And the duet which follows far surpasses the ballet. It is true Mr. MacCunn has gone to "Tristan" for much of it; but I should like to hear of a better work to go to for the art of writing love-music. Better "Tristan," surely, than Doctor Stanford's "Requiem," or Doctor Parry's "Job," or Sir Alexander Mackenzie's "His Majesty." In going boldly to "Tristan" Mr. MacCunn has taken a distinct step forward, for he has gone there in the proper spirit, namely, to learn how to say something, not for something to say. The matter of the duet is almost entirely his own, and he says it with a very high degree of power and technical mastery of his medium. One may look in vain through all the love-music written during the last twenty years by English composers for a piece which sweeps with anything like the force, certainty, and poise of this duet. As for the last act, the less said about it the better. It should be cut so as to allow of the advent of Fionn and the death of Diarmid following sharp on the climax of the love-music. The resumption of this love-music is terribly anti-climactic, the more so that it does not nearly reach the level of the third act. After all the passionate strains we have heard there, and the passionate if quite unintelligible language, it is rather comical to find the lovers sitting down to discuss the weather and the scenery and shouting "Then hey for the cherry" and so on and so on. The death of Diarmid is not really accompanied at all: there are two or three bits of barren recitative of the weather-beaten kind, the chorus gives that yell of "Whoa," the orchestra plays Amen and all is finished. Certainly the thing wanted here is a great melody adequately expressing the emotion of the situation. But great melodies are precisely what Mr. MacCunn persistently refuses to write. When the trombones begin in the first act we expect one; but we are put off with a mere series of notes and never get the really big tune. Similarly, Eila's appeal to Eragon in the second act should be a big broad melody, but we get nothing but more recitative and scrappy bits of accompaniment. And all these things are tiresome; whereas the third act is full of interest, because there are clear definite, if not great, themes, and the composer never shelters behind quasi-dramatic phrases, mysterious tremolos and sforzandos. I suggest to him that this mode of writing music—the mode of Bach, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven and Wagner—is more fruitful than the other scrappy mode, which is the mode of the Royal College of Music and the Academics generally. There is only one further remark to make: on Saturday I found the scoring, though astounding in its brilliancy sometimes, often sadly lacking in solidity. Whether this was due to the unsatisfactory playing of

the orchestra or to MacCunn's workmanship, I cannot say with certainty, but I suspect the latter has something to do with it. Mr. MacCunn, with all his resource and invention, still retains some traces of his school-training; and here again I venture to suggest that the Wagner method of scoring is artistically more remunerative than the method of Parry or of Stanford when he is not at his best.

Of the performance there is little to be said. The piece was sumptuously mounted; the ballet was worthy of the Empire; the real water in the last act was entrancing. But none of the characters understood their parts; and they seemed to know no more than the Marquis of Lorne of the period in which the story occurs. Eragon made a partially successful attempt to look like a modern gentleman; Fionn was even feebler than he is drawn in the book; Diarmid went his own way steadily throughout, carefully neglecting every stage-direction, neither coming on looking weary in the first scene nor taking off his shoes and stockings in the last; Grania (Madame Marie Duma) alone acted with any force or sincerity. The chorus had very hazy notions of its duty, but occasionally held the ardent orchestra in check by manfully singing a bar or so behind. The orchestra was coarse the whole evening. It is only fair to say that though there was little real enthusiasm after the last act, after the third the audience clamoured for Mr. MacCunn, the Marquis of Lorne and the third unknown gentleman I have mentioned. This should indicate that if Mr. MacCunn cuts his last act, so that the death of Diarmid will make a dramatic effect, the opera may have a fair run in the provinces. But I hope he will get a better book next time, and not waste his talents on stuff which at the best cannot hope for a life of many years.

J. F. R.

VEGETARIAN AND ARBOREAL.

"The Fanatic": a new and original play, in four acts, by John T. Day. Strand Theatre, 21 October, 1897.

"The Tree of Knowledge": a new and original play, in five acts, by R. C. Carton. St. James's Theatre, 25 October, 1897.

AN anti-vegetarian play is an unexpected but not unwelcome novelty. Hitherto the ideas of dramatists on the food question have been limited to a keen sense of the effect on the poorer section of the audience of a liberal display at every possible opportunity of spirit stands, siphons, and bottles; so that the elaborate interiors may combine the charms of the private and the public house. I am always asking myself whether it is toast and water or whether it is real; and, if the latter, how much extra salary an actor receives for the injury to his liver involved in repeated exhibitions to the gallery of the never-palling spectacle of a gentleman taking an expensive drink. But now we have a dramatist who makes the whole interest of his play depend on a passionate faith in the nutritiousness of a cutlet and a glass of wine. The result is at least more real and interesting than Mr. Carton's five-act stage romance at the St. James's. But for an unsound theory of alimentation, and an unhappy relapse into more-than-Cartonic romance at the end, it would be an excellent comedy.

The heroine of "The Fanatic" marries a vegetarian teetotaler, who proceeds to feed her at a rate which may be faintly estimated from the fact that her breakfast alone consists of hominy porridge, tapioca omelette, and cucumber pie. If she were an elephant working out a sentence of hard labour, she might possibly be able to get exercise enough to keep pace with such Gargantuan meals. As she is only a rather sedentary lady, they speedily ruin her complexion and render her incapable of assimilating any nourishment at all. The doctor is called in; and I should unhesitatingly rank Mr. Day with Molière as a delineator of doctors if I could pretend not to see that he takes his modern Diafoirus with awestruck seriousness, and without the least comedic intention. Nevertheless we have had no better bit of comedy this season, nor any truer to life, than this foolish fashionable doctor instantly

diagnosing a glaring case of over-feeding as one of "starvation," and flying Diafoiresquely into a raging condition of academic indignation with the husband for repudiating his prescription of the glass of wine and the cutlet. It is to be observed, as a curious illustration of our notions of family morals, that it never occurs to the doctor or to anyone else in the play to question the husband's right to dictate what his wife shall eat as absolutely as if she were a convict and he the prison doctor—nay, almost as if he were a farmer and she one of his ewes being fattened for market. And the doctor's right to dictate what the husband shall order is only disputed in order to prove the lunacy of the man who questions it. The unfortunate patient's own views are left completely out of account. "She shall have cutlet and marsala," says the doctor. "She shan't," says the husband: "she shall have cucumber pie and cocoa." "Cucumber pie isn't food: she'll die of it," says the doctor. "Cucumber pie *is* food," retorts the husband: "here's a pamphlet which proves it." And so on. The question is one of cucumbers versus corpses, of the husband's authority versus the doctor's authority: never for a moment is it suggested that a short way out of the difficulty would be to allow the lady to order her own dinner. When they go on from the food question to the drink question they reach the summit of conceited absurdity. "I insist on her having wine," screams the doctor: "if she don't, she'll die." "Let her die," says the husband: "I'm a teetotaler, and would rather see her in her grave than allow her to drink alcohol."

Here you have the comedy in which Molière delighted—the comedy of lay ignorance and incapacity confronting academic error and prejudice: the layman being right in theory and wrong in practice, the academician wrong in theory but right in practice. Unfortunately, though Mr. Day observes the conflict very accurately, he does not understand it, and takes sides vehemently with the doctor, even whilst faithfully dramatizing the dispute on the lines of a wrangle between two African witches as to the merits of their rival incantations. The doctor prescribes his diet of cutlet and wine (which, by the way, would almost at once cure the patient) quite superstitiously, as a charm. The vegetarian prescribes his hominy porridge diet (which he is quite right in supposing to be just as nutritious as a dead sheep) in the same way. Both have irresistible facts on their side. The doctor sees that the woman is being killed by her monstrous breakfasts: the husband knows, as everybody knows, that as good work can be done, and as long lives lived, on the diet of the saints and the cranks as on that of the men about town. Probably he reads my articles, and finds them as vigorous as those of my carnivorous colleagues. The sensible solution is obvious enough. It is the doctor's business to go to the patient and say, "My good lady: do you wish to remain a vegetarian or not? If you do, I must cut you down from your present allowance of forage enough at every meal to feed six dragoons and their horses for a day, to something that you can manage and relish. If not, I can settle the difficulty at once by simply sending you back to cutlets, in which your experience will prevent you from overeating yourself." But alas! doctors seldom do know their business. This particular doctor and his client do not get beyond the Pickwickian position:—"Crumpets is wholesome, sir," says the patient. "Crumpets is *not* wholesome, sir," says the doctor, very fierce." When the dramatist takes sides in such a wrangle he is lost. His drama, beginning in excellent realistic comedy, and making fair way with the audience on that plane, ends in bathos and folly. The doctor, to rescue the lady from her cucumber pie, proposes an elopement. She consents. The husband comes back just in time to save her from ruin and disgrace. But he brings back with him hominy porridge, surfeit, and death. Feeling the delicacy of the situation, he considerably drops dead there and then. The doctor, wrong to the last, diagnoses heart disease; but the audience quite understands that he perishes simply because there must be a happy ending to all plays, even anti-vegetarian ones.

There is some unintentional comedy in the casting of the piece as well as in the drama itself. The fanatic has a female accomplice who is also a Spartan abstainer,

and who should therefore, if the doctor's views are to be made good, be on the verge of starvation. This lady is impersonated by Miss Kate Phillips. Now Miss Phillips stands out in this inept generation as an exceptionally accomplished and expert actress; but the one thing she cannot do is to look as if she were dying of starvation. Her plump contours do not curve that way, and her inspiring vital energy irresistibly suggests that her diet, whatever it is, is probably the right diet for persons in quest of stamina. She gives the dramatist's didactic position away with every line of her figure and every point in her speeches, presenting Matilda Maudsley as a good platform speaker and capable agitator; getting what comedy there is to be got out of the part; and altogether declining to give the audience the mean satisfaction of seeing a clever woman made uncomely and ridiculous. The doctor, on the other hand, is presented by Mr. J. G. Grahame as a well-meaning, well-dressed creature with a sympathetic "bedside manner" and a cheerfully common brain, in whose wake one can see rows of graves smelling of all the drugs in the pharmacopœia. Miss Fordyce cannot make the wife otherwise than silly, her part being written that way. One would unhesitatingly back her fanatical husband's opinion against hers, in spite of the elaborately pasty complexion with which Mr. Gurney endows him. On the whole, Mr. Day, without quite intending it, has given better parts to the fanatics than to the orthodox cutlet-eaters; and as Mr. Gurney and Miss Phillips make the most of them, the total effect produced is against both the bowl and the butcher.

The only other persons of any importance in the piece are the fanatic's backsliding son, pleasantly played by Mr. Charles Troode, and a sympathetic secretary of the Taffy order, as whom Mr. Nye Chart, notwithstanding a weakness for imitating some of the comedy methods of Mr. John Drew, makes something of a not too interesting part.

I approach the subject of the St. James's play with much reluctance. Mr. Carton's plays are so extremely good-natured that they disarm criticism. But there is a point at which good-nature rouses malice; and that point is reached and overstepped in "The Tree of Knowledge." It is to me an unbearable play. Its staleness is not to be described: the situations are expected and inevitable to such a degree of obviousness that even when Mr. Alexander remonstrates with Miss Julia Neilson in the manner of Bill Sikes with Nancy, and all but strangles her in full view of the audience, the effect is that of a platitude. Not for a moment is it possible to see anybody in the figures on the stage but Mr. Alexander, Mr. Vernon, Mr. Terry, Mr. Esmond, Miss Fay Davis, Miss Neilson, and Miss Addison. There are five mortal acts; and there is not a moment of illusion in them. All that can be said in its favour is that Mr. H. B. Irving, fresh from the unnatural occupation of tearing the romantic trappings off his father's favourite heroes in the magazines, did contrive, in a cynical part of the old Byron-Montague type, to throw a glamour of the genuine ante-Shakespearean-Irving kind over a few of his scenes, and scored the only personal success of the evening; and that Mr. George Shelton, as the bad character of the village, also left us with some sense of having made a new acquaintance. But the rest was nothing but a new jug of hot water on very old tea leaves. Acting under such circumstances is not possible. Mr. Esmond went back to the old business, brought in by Mr. Hare in the 'sixties, of the young man made up as an old one. The make-up seemed to me as unreal as the part; and I venture to suggest to Mr. Esmond that if he keeps on doing this sort of thing he will find, some day, that the pretence has become a reality, and will regret that he wasted his prime on sham caducity when there were young parts going. Mr. Alexander, having a great deal to do and no discoverable scrap of character in his part, desperately burlesqued his own mannerisms: a policy in which he was outdone by Miss Julia Neilson, who, as a second Mrs. Tanqueray—a sort of person whom Mr. Carton understands less, if possible, than Mr. Pinero, and whom Miss Neilson does not understand at all—gave us an assortment of all the best known passages in modern acting, not excepting her

own, and including, for the first time, Miss Achurch's frozen stare from the last act of "A Doll's House." I do not blame either Mr. Alexander or Miss Neilson: they had to fill in their parts somehow; but the spectacle was an extremely trying one for all parties. Mr. Fred Terry was more fortunate. After struggling manfully for many years with the family propensity to act, he has of late succumbed to it, and now bears up against Mr. Carton almost as cheerfully as Miss Ellen Terry bears up against Shakespear. Miss Fay Davis, Mr. Vernon, and Miss Carlotta Addison, having nothing to do but illustrate the author's amiability, did it with all possible amenity and expertness: indeed, but for the soothing effect of Miss Davis's charm, I should have gone out at the end of the fourth act and publicly slain myself as a protest against so insufferable an entertainment.

I should perhaps state my objections to "The Tree of Knowledge" more clearly and precisely; but how can I, with my mind unhinged by sitting out those five acts? My feeling towards Mr. Carton's plays is generally almost reprehensibly indulgent; for his humour is excellent; his imagination is genial and of the true storytelling brand; he is apt and clear as a man of letters; and his sympathies are kindly and free from all affectation and snobbery. But he seems to have no dramatic conscience, no respect for the realities of life, and, except in his humour, no originality whatever. The quantity of very bad early Dickens, of the Cheeryble-Linkinwater sort, which he pours out, is beyond endurance. One should begin where Dickens left off, not where he started. All this throwing back to Pickwick, and to the theatre of Byron and Robertson, for some sort of fanciful decoration for a hackneyed plot, is bad enough when there is at least some quaint pretence of character, like that of the old bookseller in "Liberty Hall." But when there is no such pretence; when the thing is spun out to five acts; and when the fifth act consists largely of the novice's blunder of making one of the characters describe what passed in the fourth, then even the most patient critic cannot repress a groan.

By the way, if Mr. Alexander is going to make a speciality of plays lasting from three to four hours, may I suggest that he should get his upholstery and curtains dyed green, or some more restful colour than the present crimson? I believe my irresistible impulse to rush at the "Tree of Knowledge" and gore and trample it is chiefly due to the effect of all that red drapery on me.

G. B. S.

MONEY MATTERS.

THERE was a great deal of talk in Lombard Street during business hours on Thursday of an impending Indian loan of £5,000,000. Inquiries have satisfied us, however, that such a step on the part of the Indian Government is not contemplated at present, although those who have watched the troubles of India during the last twelve months will probably conclude that borrowings on the part of her Government will have to be considered before very long. As was generally anticipated, the Bank of England Directors decided at their meeting on Thursday to leave the standard rate unaltered at 3 per cent. Extreme nervousness characterized the Money Market during the week. America, the Continent and India were all expected to make demands on our bullion resources. The Bank Return showed the marked increase of £2,307,124 in "other" securities, which proved that members of the Money Market had resorted pretty freely to the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. On the other hand, Government securities showed a falling off of £1,335,069, generally believed to have resulted from borrowings on the part of the Bank. Owing to the Stock Exchange settlement money was in great request during the week, and on Thursday, which was Pay Day, short loans were quoted at about $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. As regards discount rates, three-months bank paper was arranged at about $2\frac{1}{8}$ per cent., whilst six-months drafts were discounted at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. But there was very little of this class of business transacted.

Beyond the settlement, which except in the Westralian Market proved very small and uninteresting, there

was scarcely any business transacted in the Stock Exchange. Consols were firm, the price yesterday morning, 111 $\frac{1}{8}$ for money and 111 $\frac{1}{2}$ for the November account, having shown fractional advances since last Saturday. India Stocks generally were maintained, though Rupee-paper shed $\frac{1}{8}$ for reasons referred to above. As regards Home Rails, it was a week of exceptional stagnation, and in no case did prices at the opening yesterday morning show any but very slight changes since Monday. Yankee Rails proved a little more interesting. But the Cuban business, municipal elections in New York, and constant bear raids by Wall Street operators in consequence, have taken the heart out of the market on this side. Like a dismasted and helpless ship, London is rocked to and fro, exactly as the Wall Street wave may influence her. Union Pacifics had some ups and downs of fortune, especially the latter, and the price at the close of business on Thursday showed a fall of four dollars since last week. There was a hitch in the reorganization scheme, and the postponement of the sale was applied for by the Attorney-General, the date asked being 15 December. As regards other Yankees, falls of one to two dollars were common. Canadian Pacifics and Trunks were weak in sympathy. Mexican and other foreign Railways were without interest.

There was no improvement in the volume of business transacted in the Kaffir circus. On Monday interest was confined to the carry-over, and considerable surprise was expressed at the exorbitant charges exacted. These were due to two causes—a determination on the part of the big houses to charge high rates and a diversion of capital to the West Australian Market. These circumstances caused weakness all along the line. On Tuesday there was a slight recovery towards the close of business, though dull depression had reigned for most of the day. Wednesday was a quiet day, the market being kept in a state of expectancy regarding the Goldfields dividend. It was not, however, announced at the meeting, and we are still left wondering whether Simmer and Jack shares or hard cash is to be paid. One director is said to be in favour of passing the dividend. During the early hours on Thursday there was no sign of improvement, but later prices recovered all along the line, and though gains were not very important the improvement by yesterday morning showed a decidedly more healthy undercurrent. It was whispered in well-informed quarters on Thursday that a cablegram had been received which seemed to suggest that the concession of 20s. off the charge for dynamite really was to be granted. But we are getting used to these reports.

In view of the sudden drop in the value of Rand Mines during the week, it is interesting to note the actual position of this great Trust Company, whose shares stand at such a high premium. It has an issued capital of £332,708, and its market valuation at 31—the price at which it stood before the fall—is therefore something over £10,000,000. It has in addition a debenture debt of £1,000,000; but, as this is entirely covered by loans to subsidiary mines, it may be left out of account. The Company has also a cash balance which more than covers the amount of its issued capital. Its remaining assets consist of large holdings in various subsidiary companies, principally deep-levels, nearly five hundred unfloted claims, five water rights and the Mooifontein farm. It holds 194,000 Crown Deep shares, which are worth at the present market price £2,500,000; 127,000 Rose Deep shares, worth £600,000; 295,000 Nourse Deep shares, worth £1,700,000; 228,000 Glen Deep shares and 233,000 Jumpers Deep shares, for neither of which there is a market at present, but the value of which, estimated on an average value of £21,000 per claim, may be placed at £3,000,000; 114,000 Geldenhuis Deep shares, worth £650,000; 40,000 Wolhuter shares, worth £240,000; and 648,000 Langlaagte Deep shares, worth at a very moderate estimate £2,000,000. These make a total value of nearly £11,000,000, or more than enough to cover the present market valuation of the Rand Mines Company. In addition to these holdings, however, the Company has a seven-twelfths interest in the Ferreira Deep, the value of which, calculated from

the present market price of Ferreira shares, is not less than £4,000,000; 59,000 shares in the Durban-Rodeport Deep, worth £170,000; 200,000 Paarl Central shares, worth £150,000; 215,500 South Rand shares, the value of which cannot at present be estimated; whilst setting the moderate value of £5,000 each on its 500 unfloted claims these are worth £2,500,000. Add further its reservoirs and some other important assets, and it will be clear that, instead of being worth its present market value of £10,000,000, the Rand Mines Company is worth at least double that amount and may be worth a very great deal more. On the other side it is to be remembered that Messrs. Eckstein are entitled to 25 per cent. of the profits after the whole amount of the original capital has been returned in dividends. The above considerations, however, show that a price of 50 or 60, instead of 30, would not be too much to pay for the shares of Rand Mines.

Needless to say that in the West Australian Market making up prices showed advances all along the line on the account. Contango rates were high, having varied from 8 to 10 per cent. New business was checked by the settlement, but prices generally were maintained, and the market was by no means without activity until Thursday, when inactivity set in and there was some nervousness caused by the belief that a weak bull account existed to a greater extent than had been generally imagined. Great Boulders steadily advanced on a report that the shares were to be split—a statement that was confirmed on Thursday, when it was announced that the £1 shares were to be divided into shares of 2s. each. Another interesting market was that for New Ivanhoes, which fluctuated between 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 6 $\frac{1}{2}$. The higher prices were quoted during the latter part of the week on the report that the Ivanhoe Corporation issue had been subscribed no less than six times over.

During the early days of Westralian mining enterprise the name of Lord Roberts appeared among the list of directors of a Company floated under the auspices of the Stoneham group. The writer of this was the first to question the policy of an influential General holding one of the highest positions on the active list allowing his name to be used in the prospectus of an untried mining Company. Such a step on the part of a junior officer on the active list would not have been tolerated by the War Office.

We recall the above incident in the hope that another great peer, with decidedly more influence than Lord Roberts can possess, may think twice before mixing himself up in matters which he can little understand. The Marquis of Dufferin has thrown in his lot with the Whitaker-Wright group, and it is even stated that he has been appointed Chairman of the London and Globe Finance Corporation. But we are rather inclined to the belief that it is with a view to his big British Columbian enterprise that Mr. Whitaker-Wright has enlisted the services of the great diplomatist. From his point of view Mr. Whitaker-Wright may have made a clever move, and it is probable that circumstances may have prompted Lord Dufferin's connexion with this successful City group. It seems almost paradoxical to lament the connexion of so versatile and able a man as the late Governor-General of Canada with matters "he does not understand." Unfortunately we have but too much reason for such regret. Lord Dufferin is a charming and intellectual personality; but in matters of detailed finance he is singularly incapable. His mind is altogether of a different calibre in which a certain genius for diplomacy and statesmanship is blended with the imaginative. Yet, like a true descendant of Sheridan, he has a weakness for plunging into certain financial matters with the irresponsibility of incapacity. Let him look back on his Canadian experiences and reflect whether in purely financial matters he carries as much weight in that Colony as his successful Governorship would suggest. There is at least some comfort in the knowledge that he is in no worse hands than those of Mr. Whitaker-Wright and his friends.

In company-promotion circles the air is charged with petroleum. All sorts and conditions of enterprises are being developed, some of which may be good, but the majority are indifferent and others, it must be confessed, are even bad. The promoter of one of the new enterprises has not always been successful with his past schemes, and will recall with us an abortive effort to float a company for the acquisition of the Jean concessions in South America. General Jean was a French officer who, it was believed, had obtained possession of considerable property in South America, which should have formed an important addition to the rubber industry. The draft prospectus of the English Company was prepared and printed. But, alas and alack! there was some trouble about these valuable concessions, and General Jean and his English friends, not being satisfied with one another, the scheme fell through, and the English public was spared the parting of its dollars. Let us trust the promoting fraternity in Moorgate Street will prove a little more successful and businesslike in their next efforts. Is Mr. James Abercrombie Lamb mixed up in this latest promotion? We hear that it will have a capital of no less than £300,000. Another interesting petroleum enterprise that is to see the light of day in the course of the next few weeks is the Enniskillen Company. The fields in this case are near London, in the province of Ontario. With regard to this Company, we should like straightforward answers to one or two straightforward questions. Why do the present proprietors show a sudden desire to unload their property on to the British public? Have the fields been worked for over twenty years? If so, with what result? What percentage of unwholesome sulphur element is contained in the petroleum? In these days, when electricity as a method of illumination has made such strides, it is certainly advantageous that a strong light be turned on some of these petroleum flotations.

NEW ISSUES, &c.

BEWARE OF THE OPPORTUNE.

Rhodesia, Limited, being managed by shrewd men of business, these gentlemen have taken advantage of the present boom in Buluwayo caused by the completion of the railway to issue their Town Properties of Buluwayo, Limited. But beware! whispers Caution. There is a sort of jubilee at Buluwayo, and as we know only too well in London, jubilee-time is a dangerous period at which to acquire "57½ town and two suburban stands or building plots." Booms are proverbially followed by slumps. But we say no more! For general information we merely add that the capital of the Company is £200,000 in £1 shares. The present issue consists of £60,000 Six per Cent. First Mortgage Debentures.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP!

The reception which a small part of the Press, lay and financial, have received the prospectus of the Dawson City (Klondyke) and Dominion Trading Corporation is one of the most painful incidents of modern journalism. Ever since the Klondyke goldfields were first discovered, the name has been attached to a number of wild-cat schemes, by which the innocent investor has been asked to entrust certain gentlemen, not always of the highest reputation, with *carte blanche* to do what they like with the investor's money. As regards the confiding element, the Dawson City enterprise is no exception to the rule. The directors have nothing to buy or sell at present, but with amusing impudence ask the public to subscribe no fewer than 500,000 £1 shares in order that these gentlemen, who include a General in the army and others equally versed in matters of business, may dabble in gold mines, town properties and dry goods stores of a nebulous description. General Sir Michael Biddulph is no doubt added to the directorate in the hope that his title may act as a sort of appetizer to the public. Sir Michael, perhaps, took the respectability of the Company for granted on the strength of the promoter of this unwieldy enterprise having drawn a modest salary in past days—if indeed he does not draw it now—as a clerk in the lower division of the War Office. If the investor is fool enough to trust

blindly to Sir Michael and a group of guinea-pigs, we cannot help it. But, fortunately, we still have some belief in the good sense of the British public.

FRUITS OF INNOCENCE.

Why the Messieurs Champagne should convert their business into a limited liability Company, and why the English public should be asked to subscribe to this purely Parisian fruit enterprise, are questions so obviously inexplicable that we can only leave readers to form their own conclusions. We are quite ready to supply the best conceivable motives—namely, a charitable desire that foreign investors should deprive the Messieurs Champagne of the major portion of profits in their so-called prosperous and thriving business. Evidently in France charity does not begin at home.

Looking at the enterprise purely on the merits of the prospectus, we must honestly confess that its inadequacies are startling and its contradictions not even paradoxical. There is no sign of valuation reports, so that on that point the investor is in the position of the innocent nursing who opens his mouth and shuts his eyes to see what Emma gives him. But perhaps valuation reports are not fashionable in France, a circumstance that would supply the explanation of these constant appeals to English investors. We have now exposed the most glaring of the inadequacies; let us look for the contradiction.

This is easily discovered. On p. 2 a list of annual profits, as supplied by Messrs. Price, Waterhouse & Co., is published to 1891. Then follows a certificate by the same firm for the following five years. These are a little more variable, and show that 1895 and 1896 fell far short of 1894. But, putting such unpleasant considerations on one side, it is worth noting that the auditors carefully avoid describing these as net profits. On the contrary, it is deliberately pointed out that they were earned before providing even for management, remuneration and interest on capital. In face of so decided a statement it is scarcely credible that the directors have the amazing impudence to estimate dividends on the assumption that these are net profits. Nor is this the worst of which we have to complain. The vendors ask no less than £184,000 for the business. They are prepared to accept all this in cash, if possible. But we do not think it is possible. English investors are not altogether fools, although at times foolish. Innocence on its guard is often shrewd, and this prospectus would arouse caution in the most simple.

BOVICULTURE.

The vendors of Vimbos (French and Belgian rights) are not modest. They ask £101,500 for the right to enter into keen and exhausting competition with rival beef-juice companies in France and Belgium. They only stipulate for £35,000 in cash, whilst £26,000 they condescend to accept in cash or shares, and the balance they will take in fully-paid shares. When the original Vimbos Company was floated, it will be remembered that the following paragraph was inserted:—"The Directors have pleasure in stating that they have entered into a contract for the disposal of the right to manufacture and sell the products of the Company for France and Belgium on very advantageous terms. The contract provides that the purchase is to be completed on 31 March, 1897, and when the purchase is completed the cash portion alone of the consideration will amount to more than sufficient for a whole year's dividend on the Preference shares and 10 per cent. for a year on the whole Ordinary capital." On the strength of these statements many people applied for and were allotted shares. A contract was entered into between the Vimbos Company and the Vicomte Chabannes de Palisse and M. Victor de la Quintie, of 39 Rue de Chateaudun, Paris. The contract provided that the purchase price was to be £20,000 in cash and a quarter of the total share capital of the Company. This agreement was entered into on 30 January, 1897, and is under the Company's seal signed by Messrs. Altman and Souratt as directors and Henry Smith as secretary, and is evidently the contract referred to in the prospectus. Unfortunately it fell through when they found themselves in the

position of being bound in accordance with the paragraph in the Vimbos prospectus, above referred to, to bring out a Franco-Belge Vimbos Company. The directors apparently entered into a contract as recently as 25 October with Mr. J. Woodyatt and Henri Roger Desbassayus de Monthbrun, who are the vendors of the present Company. The purchase price for the French and Belgian rights is fixed at £101,500, or £46,500 more than was asked for the United Kingdom rights. The prospectus states that Mr. Wallace Auld was for about twenty years actively associated in the "manufacture" of Johnston's Fluid Beef, afterwards styled Bovril. We understand that Mr. Auld was merely a traveller.

PATENT WEAKNESS.

The prospectus of F. H. Mathews & Sons, Limited, is remarkable for what it does not reveal. Indeed this is one of the most evasive documents ever circulated even in the history of company enterprise. The vendors start by stating that, as they take the whole of the Ordinary shares issued as part of the purchase consideration, they do not think it necessary to disclose the full amount of the profits. So far from disclosing the "full amount" of the profits, they do not disclose any at all. The prospective investor is expected to be satisfied with a vague, inadequate and evasive certificate, stating that for the last two years and seven months the profits, "taking an average," have been sufficient to pay the dividend on the proposed issue of £17,000 Preference shares. The auditors state that the business has been an increasing one, but avoid committing themselves to a statement that the profits have been increasing.

It will be seen at a glance that this certificate, as a guarantee for business purposes, is simply silly. There is absolutely no reason why the profits should not have been set forth in a businesslike manner, year by year. As for the remark that the vendors are taking all the issue of Ordinary shares, and are therefore justified in shirking a disclosure of the financial position of the Company, it is an antiquated excuse calculated to repel rather than attract investors. They are taking £12,000 in cash as well as the Ordinary shares, and if the flotation does not prove a complete fiasco, they will be in a position to unload the latter on to a gullible public. With such a patent weakness staring us in the face, we will not occupy much more space in criticizing this inadequate prospectus.

Suffice it to state that the share capital of the Company is too large—£100,000—and that it is divided into £1 shares. The present issue consists of 20,000 Ordinary shares, which will go to the vendors, and 17,000 Preference shares, which are intended for the public, if the latter are gullible enough to swallow the unattractive bait.

BRIGHTON OMNIBUS ENTERPRISE.

Small local enterprises like the Brighton Central Omnibus Company, Limited, are usually to be commended. It had been our intention to commend the prospectus of the Brighton Central Omnibus Company, Limited, as far as possible, seeing that the capital is only £20,000 in £1 shares, 11,800 of which are included in the present issue. But unfortunately subscriptions are also invited for £7,000 Five per Cent. First Mortgage Debentures at par; and when we come to look at the body of the prospectus, there seems to be little justification for the share capital, much less the additional debentures. The directors have employed the services of one auditor and no less than three valuers. The latter make a total valuation of over £17,000. But when the former comes to calculate the profits of this business, which has been in existence no less than thirty years, the result is, to put it mildly, most unsatisfactory. The trading for the year 1896 resulted, we are told, in a balance to credit of £1,975. But a "balance to credit" is by no means the same thing as a net profit. Especially when we are told that no allowance has been made for expenses of management, and renewals of live stock, or depreciation of live and rolling stock. These are, as every one knows, the most important consideration in companies of this kind. Under the circumstances we do not quite see what net

profit has been made of recent years, and whether the vendors are justified in asking £17,800 for the business.

TRAFALGAR GOLD MINES.

The Associated Southern Gold Mines of Western Australia, Limited, has given birth to a babe, and has called its name Trafalgar. The property to be acquired by this enterprise consists of nineteen acres, and the prospectus states that important development work has been done during the last eighteen months. The capital of the young hopeful is £150,000, divided into £1 shares. All the Bottomley family, it will be seen, are interested in its career, for subscriptions to the present issue of £75,000 are invited by the Associated Southern, the Western Australian Joint Stock Trust and the West Australian Loan and General Finance Corporation. £115,000 is to be paid for the property, £75,000 of which is to be settled in shares of the Company, £10,000 in cash, and £30,000 in cash or shares.

ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

GREAT BOULDERS (Old Reader).—You have no choice but to accept.

NITRATE RAILS (True Blue).—This is not the class of investment for one of your limited means.

CORRESPONDENCE.

INDIAN FRONTIER POLICY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

LORDSWOOD, SOUTHAMPTON, 28 October, 1897.

SIR,—Although after-dinner speeches are usually exempted from criticism, still that rule has its exceptions, and it seems to me that the speech delivered by the Commander-in-Chief in India, at a farewell dinner lately given to him at Simla by the members of the United Service Club, may fairly be held as coming under that head. General Sir George White clearly implies in his speech that it is those "who will not take the trouble to dig down into the why and the wherefore, who attribute the present frontier uprising to mistakes of policy and mal-administration of our relations with the tribesmen." This assertion cannot be upheld; for of the many experienced officers, civil and military, who have come forward to combat the forward policy, the majority are as well informed on all the points that go to form a basis for argument as are any of the leaders of the forward party who advocate the extension of the frontier by the occupation of posts within the territory of the independent tribesmen. It is true that the opinions of the dissentients have been discounted by their opponents as out of date and therefore of no value. However, let any impartial person go through what has been said on both sides since the British troops were placed in Chitral, and then adjudge which of the two parties has prognosticated coming events correctly. This, it will be conceded, would be a fair way of testing the value of the rival views; and further, let me ask, can or will the leaders of the forward policy state whether they foresaw that the result of their policy would be to invite the tribesmen to take up arms against the Government and bring about war along the border? If they did not see that their action would meet with resistance, they are blind guides who have no claim to direct the counsels of the State. And if they foresaw the consequences, did they or did they not communicate them to the Government of India? Upon the answer given to that inquiry rests the responsibility of all the blood that has been shed of our own soldiers as well as of the tribesmen since we overstepped our border.

Sir George White justifies the invasion of the territory of our independent neighbours on the ground that "the history of all times has shown that civilization and barbarism cannot exist conterminously and at the same time peaceably with independent neighbours." That is no new proposition. Precisely the same argument was used by those who brought about the first invasion of Afghanistan; but does any English historian now uphold that act of injustice and folly? The second Afghan war may also fairly be traced to injudicious and unwarrantable interference in the affairs of

the sovereign power. Shere Ali would never have dallied with Russia, and no Russian colonel would ever have reached Cabul, had not the Ameer been soured and angered by interference from India. What has been shall be; and the present generation has taken up the running on the old lines. We know the history of the first Afghan war. That of the second war has still to be written—so Sir Lepel Griffin tells us. But we do know that our troops never commanded more than the ground within range of our artillery; and we also know that we are indebted to Abdoor Rahman for having intervened between us and the people of Afghanistan, and having thus allowed us to retire from Cabool unmolested. It must be left to the hereafter to record the outcome of the operations lately concluded and those now in progress; for the future result will, in my opinion, depend upon the consideration extended to the brave men who have taken up arms to defend their independence, and on the confidence they may feel that we shall abstain in the future from employing our superior strength to reduce them to bondage. It must be accepted, in the words of the Commander-in-Chief, "that the quarrels we are now engaged in, and which are costing untold gold, are none of our seeking." They were not intentionally sought, but were drifted into; and for the reason that the Government was led by its military advisers and others to depart from the system that left us free of entanglements within the mountains, and therefore able to act at our own convenience when called upon to punish aggressions, and able to do so without straining the financial resources of the country.

The maxim of "Fate's inexorable decrees" is too elastic to come within the scope of my remarks. Those decrees are viewed so differently. The fable of the wolf and the lamb, and Ahab taking possession of Naboth's vineyard, are examples in times past, and these can be multiplied indefinitely down to the present date. In the words of an Indian proverb, "the Buffalo belongs to the man armed with a club." The military advisers must have overlooked, or brushed aside as of no account, the traditions and aspirations of the tribesmen, feeling secure in the overwhelming superiority of modern arms. They thought the pear was ripe and could be plucked with little loss or expenditure to the nation backed by "Fate's inexorable decree." The idea of "200,000 of the most turbulent and finest fighting material in the world, fired by fanaticism, being ready to rush from their mountains and invade the British territory," is to my mind a "fancy picture." We must indeed have been living in a fool's paradise for nigh fifty years; for as long as we left the so-called fanatics alone no fear of such an event ever presented itself to our imagination. We knew that if the hornets' nests were disturbed, they could and would sting; but we were well aware that their brave hearts became water in the plains, and that a regiment of cavalry could put thousands to flight—never until the forward party emerged victorious in the councils of the State had there been a semblance of unity of action among the different tribesmen—and rarely, if ever, has any single whole tribe acted in concert. Undoubtedly as years pass we must expect the tribes to be better armed; but is that a valid reason for England's burdening itself with their subjugation? Our position becomes weaker rather than stronger by so doing. New embroilments are certain to be the result—and the mountain boundary once overstepped, there can be no finality until we stand face to face with the Russian outposts.

The cure advocated by Sir George White "of pursuing a policy of closer control and disarmament" implies nothing short of annexation. It may be possible under some sort of draconic rule to carry out some sort of disarmament; but after that has been effected what is to be done? It will be impossible to prevent the reintroduction of arms from beyond the line of demarcation. The one desire of the tribesmen will be to rearm themselves with the most effective weapons procurable, and in the belief that sooner or later a prossitious opportunity will present itself for their use against the British. The Commander-in-Chief in India and myself equally desire that "the Government of India should exercise its rule over the dangerous elements included in and bordering on

the Indian Empire strongly and on the principles applicable to them." Sir George White pins his faith on the sword as the only weapon that can suffice to overawe our mountain neighbours. I, on the contrary, assert that it is because of the new departure that we have had to enter upon the present conflict with them; and that it is only by compromise based on the recognition of their independence that we can hope to live at peace with them in the future.

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, General.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

INNISLONAGH, CLONMEL, 18 October, 1897.

SIR,—Chitral is said to have been occupied by the Government of India in order to strengthen their position and as a barrier against Russia. Here we have a brief and concise statement. There are some who hold the exactly contrary opinion, and who consider that the occupation of Chitral weakens our position and forms no barrier against Russia. The so-called "Forward" policy appears to be founded on an apprehension of a Russian invasion; but surely the evidence we have had during the last two years is sufficient to convince any one that it would be quite impossible for Russia to bring an army across the passes of the Hindoo Koosh. A large army would be starved even if it met no opposition, and a small army would be destroyed. Moreover, it has to meet the British Indian army in the field, and it seems to me that for us, who have won our way to our present frontier after desperate and severe battles, to have the slightest apprehension as to what the result would be is unworthy of our name. No country in the world—not even England—possesses a frontier so naturally impregnable as British India. It is true that it has been successfully invaded in bygone days more than once from the North-West, but under totally different circumstances—when India was weak and divided within itself. Now it is quite otherwise. Russia has undoubtedly made great strides across the steppes and deserts of Central Asia, but she has never had to meet such foes as we have met, nor can she boast of such a roll of glorious victories as the British Indian army. The conquest of the Punjab alone is a far greater feat than any Russia can lay claim to.

For my part I think there is much to admire in the Russian advance. She has brought order and peace to a barbarous and uncivilized country, but she has not placed herself in such a position as to overawe or successfully invade India. Consequently any policy, civil or military, that is founded on an apprehension of a Russian invasion of India is false, nor does it seem to me that Russia has ever shown the desire to attempt it. She is much too astute. During the Russo-Turkish War, when Constantinople lay apparently at the mercy of Russia, Lord Beaconsfield sent the English fleet to Constantinople and an Indian division to the Mediterranean. The Russian reply was a small embassy with the escort of a few Cossacks to Kabul! It cost them nothing, and they were lucky in being able to make good their retreat, but it brought about our Afghan war, which cost us twenty millions. Again the Russians send a few Cossacks about the passes of the Pamirs—whereupon we involve ourselves in troubles in Gilgit and Chitral, and an army has to be sent to rescue our small detached garrisons blockaded in far distant posts, which again cost India some few millions. Notwithstanding our experience thus gained of the risk attending the occupation of such posts in the midst of inaccessible mountains and untrustworthy allies, we again lock up a garrison, in Chitral, this time somewhat stronger, but nevertheless dependent on the maintenance of a long and, for many months of the year, an almost impossible line of communications; and again a sudden and as yet unexplained rising of all the tribes on our North-West Frontier forces us willy nilly into a costly unforeseen and hurried campaign to rescue the garrison. Luckily the Khan of Dir remained loyal to us, or our garrison in Chitral would certainly have been in difficulties. Nor has it during the present troubles been of the slightest use to us; the garrison has simply remained locked up. We have now 65,000 troops in the field on the Peshawur frontier to subdue

these hardy, brave, but wholly undisciplined and unorganized tribes, who are armed with inferior weapons and have no guns. All this has been caused by an unreasonable and unworthy apprehension of Russia. We know, however, that even those who talk most of a Russian invasion are more looking forward to it than fearing it. Of course, now that we have committed ourselves to the occupation of these advanced posts, it will be disagreeable to us to give them up, and it may look as if the tribesmen had forced us to do so. Perhaps we may be able to impress on them in an unforgettable fashion the fact that we are their masters. But certainly, as long as we push out small detached posts in far-away and inaccessible regions, we place ourselves in such a position that we may at any moment, by a rising of the tribes and the mere cutting of our communications, be forced into a war.

The Frontier tribes on the whole deserve a fair and reasonable consideration from us—they did not take advantage of our difficulties in 1857-58 to add to them, and during the Affghan war they gave little or no trouble. The Khyber Pass must, however, be kept open—that is essentially necessary. Our policy should be, as all admit, to keep Affghanistan friendly; much has been done in that way since our Affghan war. The greater part of the regions which are now the scene of war may safely be left to the tender care of the tribes; the country itself is perfectly useless to us—it is a mere expense and source of trouble. Kabul is the key of the whole position in the event of the long-talked-of, but still, as I think, far-distant, Russian invasion of India. A strong, efficient army under a skilful and resolute commander, ever ready in the Punjab to advance by the Khyber line on Kabul, is the surest, safest and most economical mode of defence. This surely is a sufficiently Forward Policy to satisfy the most vaulting ambition; and although, as opposing the Chitral policy, one may lay oneself open to the charge of belonging to the Backward school, I do not profess to belong to either, but as a plain soldier, with some little experience of Affghan warfare, venture to give my opinion for what it is worth. My motive is a deep and sincere interest in the welfare of India.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

C. J. S. GOUGH.

LITERATURE!

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I am writing to thank you. I should never have heard of it but for your mention of its advent. It is even more delightful than I anticipated. Plump I thought it might be; but I did not dare expect—even from the "Times" Office in these latter days—the podgy. "Podgy" is the word—I did not know any late Victorian paper could be so podgy. Hardly a page before you figure it with a little grey pink roll of flesh above a quasi-clerical collar. The only proper name for it was "The Scholar and the Gentleman"; "Literature" expresses it almost as much as "Depravity" would. For the most part it seems to be written by schoolmasters—no other human beings could be so pretentiously commonplace—its brighter passages are exactly like the stuff the "Journal of Education" puts in small type. And for the sake of vivid contrast Mr. Rudyard Kipling's agent has let them put in the middle of it a poem by Mr. Rudyard Kipling; it has the effect of a stark, forcible and excited sailorman in the middle of a row of very inferior rural deans. He sings, by accident it may be, of "our furious vanguard" "girth deep in hissing water," and when he has quite done the schoolmasters, after a leaded pause, cough behind their nice, large, white, shapeless hands, and go on again with their stuff as before.

The things they say! The senior master opens with a Leader which ends, portly and pretentious, in the true prospectus vein. "While endeavouring, therefore," he says, "[in these columns] to provide [the public with] an adequate account and appraisal of whatever works [may] deserve [any critical] notice [at all], we shall [at the same time] make it our constant aim to assign that position of importance to the higher class of literary productions which nowadays amidst the multitude of claimants to [the attention of] criticism

they too often fail to attain." Note the absolute worthlessness of the words I have enclosed in brackets. The writer in the coils of the sentence preceding this serpent speaks of "writers of genuine literary merit," bless him! And turning to the "Notes" I find the "positions of importance" in order are distributed as follows. First and brightest ornament of the literature of the immediate future is to be "Queen Victoria," on Japanese paper, by a Mr. Richard Holmes, who so far as I am concerned has hitherto failed to obtain recognition as a "writer of genuine literary merit." Then follows the name of the Duke of Atholl, an equal novelty to me so far as literature goes, with a forthcoming "Chronicles of the Atholl and Tullibardine Family." I shall follow the artistic career of these first "finds" with considerable interest. Then three paragraphs about some facsimile affair published by the "Times." Preceding these proclamations are certain innocent innuendoes. My grey pink roll of flesh above the collar, I figure glowing a tone deeper; a slight quiver of self-consciousness, agitating him. But nowadays one must do bold things, and so out it comes! To be generous I conceive a moribund honour stirring vainly. "In this paper," says the senior master, "publishers' advertisements will not as a consequence secure good reviews." The artful old gentleman, as one may call him in charity, manifestly would have us believe, Sir, that you and the "Athenæum" and the "Daily Chronicle" and the "Academy" (under its new editor) and the whole lot of your contemporaries, are, in plain words, dishonest. And it never occurs to him that any one, at any time, may compare the advertisements and the reviews of any of "Literature's" contemporaries, and so get convincing proof that his hint is after all—to put it plainly—just a half-hearted lie. With an added touch of drollery given it by that puff of a "Times" reprint.

And the criticism! Would the most imaginative of humorists have dared to invent a paper, professing to raise criticism from a slough by such glorious stuff as this?—"Mr. Norris always writes like an educated gentleman, and his clear and well-bred work is much above the average level of the modern novel." The modern novel! How these poor quasi-gentlemen hate it! The drawing of Saint Ives "only serves to render more conspicuous the sketchy, not to say shadowy, draftsmanship which is all that Stevenson has cared to bestow on Flora Gilchrist, one of many heroines so treated by him, or rather, one might say, the subject of a treatment which perhaps only the fascinating Catriona can be said to have wholly escaped at his hands." The tentacles of that sentence are almost too much for the high-class critic, and one conceives a certain rosy relief over the collar following that period. Mr. James's "What Maisie Knew" is "hardly a book to enhance his great reputation"—just as Mr. Sladen, without any pretence of criticism, might gossip in the "Queen." "Jerome," however, "will do much to increase in this country the reputation of Miss Mary E. Wilkins," which is a sort of compensation. It "belongs to that class of novel which may be described as biographical." The title of "A Week of Passion" suggests "a class of novel to which Mr. Edward Jenkins" (whoever Mr. Edward Jenkins may be) "has never been, and is not likely to be, a contributor." What portends an intimacy to the pitch of assured prophecy? And I would like to grip that reviewer suddenly, and demand with painful alternatives what the other classes were. "Miss Hollis has a happy knack of telling a story, and Ralph Stapleton's fortunes can be followed with pleasure." "Once started he" (the reader) "will need no spur," in the case of Mr. Jenkins above. Another book "is likely to be read with avidity by all who begin it." "There need be no fear that any story by Mr. Guy Boothby will be lacking in interest." And so forth—what publishers, I believe, call "quotes" in almost every review. And not even a fresh sort of "quote." These phrases are the common property of every hasty uncritical hack in the country. It is altogether too delightful. And the most astonishing thing about it is that it is edited by Mr. H. D. Traill. Which shows, Sir, very strikingly the inevitable, the profound contagion of tampering with the "Times."—I am, Sir, &c.

A NOVEL READER.

REVIEWS.

A SURGEON AT PLEVNA.

"Under the Red Crescent: Adventures of an English Surgeon with the Turkish Army at Plevna and Erzeroum, 1877-1878." By Charles S. Ryan and John Sandes. London: Murray. 1897.

EVERY one who has enjoyed the privilege of admission to that delectable institution, the Melbourne Club, must be familiar with the personality and reputation of Mr. Charles Ryan, and will readily accept the plea that a very busy practice may excuse the tardy appearance of the Doctor's reminiscences of Plevna. The rough outline of his experiences has long been among the *memorabilia* of Victorian adventure. But now that we have them, told in the Doctor's easy vivid talk, and taken down and put into "publishable shape" by his friend Mr. Sandes, without any loss of the graphic freshness of the narrator, the written record exceeds in realistic power and sustained interest anything we have seen on the subject. Mr. Ryan was enjoying his *Wanderjahr*, after completing his medical studies at Edinburgh, before returning to his native colony, when he saw an advertisement for English surgeons for the Turkish army, then engaged in a war with Servia. He immediately volunteered, was duly appointed, and joined his regiment with the rank of surgeon-major in the Ottoman service. Marching through Sofia in the wake of the retreating Servians, he was quartered for some time at Widdin, where Osman Pasha was delayed by fatal orders from Constantinople after the Russian invasion had begun; and when at last the Turkish general was allowed to march east, the Doctor accompanied him in "the race to the Balkans." In spite of extraordinary forced marches—seventy miles, for example, in the interval between three nights—when the advance guard got to Plevna, Gourko had already crossed the Balkans, the Shipka Pass had been seized, and Krüdener had entered Nicopolis. Osman Pasha's plan of campaign had been ruined by the delay and the incapacity of the authorities at the Seraskierat. Mr. Ryan remained with the Turks at Plevna from 18 July, 1877, till October, battling with wounds and disease with a pluck and a devotion which have rarely been equalled. Then, wounded and worn out with work, he took a brief leave of absence to Constantinople, intending soon to return. General Gourko meanwhile blocked the road, and finding a re-entry to Plevna impossible, Mr. Ryan accepted the offer of the Stafford House Committee, and went to the hospitals of Erzeroum, where he stayed until its unhappy surrender in February, 1878.

The Doctor's first experience of big guns in action was at Widdin, when a Roumanian battery sent a shell from Kalafat right into the hotel. He soon grew accustomed to these little accidents at Plevna. Going to call on Sadik Pasha in the Bash Tabiya redoubt, after running the gauntlet of the Russian sharpshooters' "potting" from the celebrated Grivitza, he found the old officer squatting comfortably in his pit, under an awning, secure from gun shot, but not from mortar shells. One of these dropped into the redoubt just as the orderly was bringing coffee, and the tray, and cups and saucers were smashed to atoms, though nobody was killed. Sadik ordered "the same again, please," and Mr. Ryan had just got the second cup to his lips when another shell burst ten feet off, and made a hole in the ground as big as a man's grave. The old Pasha chuckled mightily when he saw the Doctor, with a start, spill his coffee over his breeches. Another time he was taking some ointment to a Turkish major, at a redoubt which was commanded by a Russian battery a thousand yards away. "As I got up to our redoubt, there were three soldiers sitting on the rear wall smoking cigarettes, and I called to one of them to come and hold my horse. . . . As I did so, the officer in command of the Russian redoubt, seeing a horseman approaching the work opposite to him, thought that it would be good fun to have a shot at him; so he let drive at me with three field guns. I saw the three puffs of smoke together as I walked into the redoubt. One shell buried itself in the front wall of the redoubt without exploding,

another burst in the redoubt, and the third passed over and exploded just behind it. The casing of the shell that exploded inside wounded a man, taking half the boot off and cutting the heel to the bone. He was a black soldier, a Nubian. I was looking after him, when some one called to me to come outside, and the first thing I saw was my horse quietly grazing about fifty yards at the rear of the redoubt. The man who had been holding him had been cut in two by the third shell. He was quite dead. I went back and dressed the Nubian's heel. Then the Turkish major and I had coffee and cigarettes together; and I gave him the ointment for his chin, whereat he was much gratified. We were so much accustomed to whole hecatombs of victims in those days, that we were callous to a single casualty."

The heroic way in which the Turks faced death and endured suffering excited the Doctor's amazement and admiration. "The real samples of national character, the men in the rank and file of the army, I found to be simple-minded, courteous, honourable, and honest in time of peace, while braver men on the battlefield than those who fought under Osman Pasha at Plevna are not to be found in Europe. The magnificent physique and robust constitution of the ordinary Turkish private soldiers" Mr. Ryan attributes to the absolute prohibition of alcohol (which he could not induce them to touch even medicinally), and to the absence of the weakening effects of certain contagious diseases, which the Mohammedan social system practically eliminates. These stalwart Turks bore pain with unflinching stoicism. A soldier was brought in with a knee shattered by a shell. He refused chloroform, and composedly smoked a cigarette while Mr. Ryan took his leg off. Then, while the flap was being sewn over the stump, he quietly answered a captain's questions as to his name, regiment, &c. Twenty-seven mangled pulpy fingers were taken off in succession, without a flinch from any one of the patients. The operations took place as a rule under a willow tree by the bank of a river; the instruments and appliances were inadequate, there was not a woman nurse in the place, and the dressers were untrained Turkish soldiers—who became, however, very handy after a time. Sometimes the wounds had to be dressed where the men lay on the field of battle, as there were no field ambulances. Mr. Ryan had to do the lion's share of operations, but he had a brilliant surgical colleague in a Paris-trained Circassian, Osman Effendi; the other European doctors seem to have fought shy of major operations. Mr. Ryan gives some idea of the tremendous strain of the work when he mentions nineteen bullets extracted, without anæsthetics, and the wounds dressed in less than three hours; forty-seven compound comminuted fractures, all suppurating, under his hands at one time; indeed the simple figures—4,000 wounded men to forty surgeons—are enough. His almost too realistic picture of the horrible incidents of hospital work after a great battle is a thing to make one dream of blood. And later on, when the carbolic acid gave out, and septic germs introduced hospital gangrene, and typhus, smallpox, and typhoid invaded the crowded and unsanitary buildings which had to be used for the wounded, the surgeon's task was so hopeless that it is no wonder he "broke down and cried like a child." Osman Pasha was evidently right in sending as many as possible of the wounded to Sofia, in spite of the remonstrances of some other doctors, sooner than let them all rot in the Plevna slaughter-houses.

But the book is filled with something besides wounds and knives. There is plenty of stirring adventure. The brilliant recovery of the Krishin redoubts by the Turks is told as it deserves. Mr. Ryan himself took part in a reckless cavalry charge, which nearly cost him his life, and he frequently varied his surgeon's duties by a dash at the enemy. His rescue of two wounded Turks under heavy fire deserved the reward "for valour." His stories of Turkish daring, and the courage and devotion of Turkish women in succouring the tired fighters, are healthy manly reading. The book is enlivened by a series of graphic characterizations of his friends and chance acquaintances; and he tells of the strange career of Prince Czetwertinski, the orgies of Dr. Robert, and much interesting gossip about the

correspondents—MacGahan, Frank Power, Leader, Christie Murray, Olivier Pain, and O'Donoghue—with many a good story thrown in by the way. Altogether, it is as lively and fascinating a narrative of a stirring and heroic time as any one can wish to possess.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.

"Journals of Dorothy Wordsworth." Edited by William Knight. London: Macmillan. 1897.

LONG ignored or misjudged, the influence of Dorothy Wordsworth in moulding the imagination of her marvellous brother during certain plastic years is now so widely recognized that the historian of literature is constrained to place her name where that of Southey appeared so long, in the bead-roll of the three founders of the Romantic school of poetry in England. William Wordsworth and Coleridge would hardly be what they are, would have lacked the development of some exquisite qualities, had they not enjoyed the companionship of one whose powers of sensitive observation were phenomenal and whose gift for combining natural scenes with moral ideas was at least as remarkable as theirs. All she lacked to make her as great as they was the artistic execution; in essence her genius was scarcely less distinguished than theirs, and not at all less subtle. The position of Dorothy Wordsworth—"mute," but no longer "inglorious"—is unique. No other writer, who wrote no verse, stands so high among the British poets. She wanted nothing but the plastic accomplishment; her whole nature was steeped in imagination, and while she lived she achieved the high privilege of the dead Adonais, she was "made one with nature."

Since 1850, when her nephew the Bishop of Lincoln published a fragment of her Grasmere Journal, the papers of Dorothy Wordsworth have been gradually finding a publicity which she never dreamed of. Her Alfoxden Journal, printed by Professor Knight in 1889, was a document of extraordinary value. The two volumes before us comprise all that had been previously issued and a great deal more, much of it, it must be confessed, of somewhat trivial importance. Professor Knight's methods are well known. He is an excellent man, always in a breathless hurry, devoid of taste and therefore unable to judge between what should and should not be published, devoid of exactitude and therefore liable to astounding blunders and irritating oversights, but possessed by the most blameless intentions, and absolutely unable to comprehend why his very name so enrages some persons as to make them stamp and swear. We neither swear nor stamp, but we express a regretful sympathy with the Wordsworth family who escaped out of the hands of Dr. Grosart only to fall into those of Professor Knight. Let us not exaggerate, however; there is a great distinction between these honourable men. No one could be worse fitted to be Wordsworth's editor than Dr. Grosart; of Professor Knight we will not say that, but only that he leaves too much to be gleaned behind him, and does his work too hurriedly. If he could only be induced to take pains, he possesses many qualities which might be sympathetic in an editor of Wordsworth. So far as the present collection goes, he has been so anxious to fill out his two volumes with inedited matter, that he gives us a great deal which is positively damaging to the fame of Dorothy. The second of these volumes is exceedingly unequal. The "Tour in Scotland," of 1803, is of irregular and mediocre interest; the "Tour on the Continent" of 1820 is scarcely of any interest at all. The imagination of Dorothy underwent much the same fossilization as did that of her brother William, and, while her notes of natural objects remained as precise and close as ever, they almost entirely lost that exquisite play of fancy which gave them their importance.

It is unfortunate that no journal kept at Racedown has been discovered. As M. Legouis has pointed out, scarcely a trace of Wordsworth's Dorsetshire stay is reflected in his poetry; but it was here and in 1795 that William and Dorothy for the first time overcame the family opposition which kept them apart, and were able to live together in peace. To have the record of Dorothy's discoveries as she adventured in the mind

of her noble brother, now at last adult and eager, would be precious indeed. Here she met Coleridge two years later, whose words written immediately after their first conversation are so strikingly descriptive that we wonder Professor Knight does not quote them. They would serve as an epigraph to his two volumes. "Her eye," Coleridge wrote in June 1797, "is watchful in minutest observation of Nature; and her taste a perfect electrometer." Hence, when her Alfoxden Journal opens, on 20 January, 1798, the very first entry reveals itself to us as a "Lyrical Ballad" in solution. Yet this instalment displays Dorothy Wordsworth in her simplest forms, and to comprehend what the exquisite quality of her imagination really was, and how sensitive her eye, we must pass on to the Grasmere Journals, which combine to form a treasure added to English literature. It is not needful to dwell at length upon their characteristics, which are now familiar to criticism, but we are glad to indicate to all lovers of poetry the publication, for the first time, of these Journals in a convenient and compendious form.

PHILIPPE DE COMMINES.

"The History of Comines." Englished by Thomas Danett, anno 1596. With an Introduction by Charles Whibley. London: David Nutt. 1897.

AT the close of the fifteenth century in France, when mediæval literature was dying and the newer order of literature had scarcely set in, we meet amongst the few writers of talent or genius Philippe de Commynes. In a period of richer initiative and more abundant production we should not be tempted to spare so much attention as we now do on a writer so devoid of charm as the author of the "Mémoires." Yet the position of Commynes in the history of literature is one which must always attract attention. Criticism knows not how to name him: is he the last of mediæval chroniclers or the first of modern historians? Each position could be, and has been, ably supported. The form of Commynes's work is not unlike that of numerous fellow-chroniclers. The fifteenth century in France was well supplied with historical literature of a secondary class; there were "official" and "domestic" historians without number, and Commynes, with vastly greater experience and insight, follows their conventional method. He is the last of the mediæval chronicle-writers.

But still more plainly he is the earliest modern historian. The wild life of his youth in Flanders, where he was taught, not to read, but only to ride, shut him out, to his lasting regret, from the narrow and affected culture of the age. He knew no Latin; he was excluded, as another and humbler chronicler lamented for himself, from the "subtil parler" and the "influence de rhétorique si prompte et tant experte" of the official-trained historians. But it was just this conventional ornament of rhetoric which destroys for us the value of the late mediæval chronicles. It is all the metaphors, all the allegories, all the elaborate and fantastic affectation of their style which to-day make it hard for some of us to read a page of such once-famous chroniclers as Enguerrand de Monstrelet and Mathieu d'Escouchi, and even that "pearl and star of all historiographers" the illustrious Chastellain. It was, no doubt, a constant vexation to Commynes that his want, as he said, "d'aulcune littérature" forbade him to compete with these eminent rhetoricians. He would gladly have strutted in their feathers, and have composed "prosopopeias" with the best of them. Most fortunately for himself and for us, he could not do this. He was thrown back upon his own shrewdness, his own moral observation; and unconsciously it was his absence of pedantic knowledge which enabled him to invent a new thing—the direct and sober analysis of political motive. Commynes is the earliest psychologist among the historians of modern Europe.

The exact attitude of Commynes to his reader has been a crux to every critic. He dedicates his book to Angelo Cato, Archbishop of Vienna, whose career had been somewhat similar to his own in its relation to the House of Burgundy. His words are, "I send you, penned in haste, all that I could call to mind,

trusting that you have required it of me to turn it into some work that you propose to publish in Latin." If we are to take this literally, it is plain that Commynes merely collected materials for a Latin Life of Louis XI. projected by Cato. Sainte-Beuve, however, has argued that this sentence is a sort of joke, or at most "peut passer pour une simple politesse." This opinion was for a long while generally accepted, but recent commentators have returned to the opinion that Commynes was probably sincere. He was not given to humour, and if we take into consideration the condition of literary taste in his age, we shall see in his hope to be translated into Latin no laughing matter, but an evidence of genuine and natural modesty. There is no show of intellectual ambition about Commynes; and although it is to his rare simplicity, his naïveté, in an age of ceremonious ornament, that he happens to owe his extraordinary importance in our eyes, we must not suppose that he was thus regarded by his literary contemporaries. To them, as to himself, he doubtless appeared a mere hewer of wood and drawer of water.

It was otherwise with those who turned to his book for practical counsel and information. By them he soon began to be regarded somewhat as Machiavelli was by Italians. Charles V. is said to have exclaimed that the "Mémoires" of Commynes was his "breviary," and it is notorious that it was long considered to be a manual for the education of princes. Commynes loves to interrupt his narrative to introduce maxims of a practical kind, and these are often entirely devoid of the paragon of humanitarianism. He saw life in a dry light, and his own career, as it is revealed to us, has nothing very enthusiastic about it. The moral sense of his time was not high, yet Commynes scarcely lived up to it. Mr. Whibley, his latest apologist, is not devoid of the pardonable weakness of biographers. He tells us that Commynes "left the service of Burgundy because he could not approve the tactics of the Duke." It would be more plausible to say that the gross ill-treatment of him by Charles the Bold was the cause of this disapproval, and still more indubitable that the clear-eyed youth perceived in Louis XI. a spirit of much more commanding genius than his feudal master possessed. The scenes which led to his flight from the Duke, whose confidence he possessed, to the King who had long desired to detach him from the enemy, are among the most dramatic in the history of Commynes. The act had been long prepared; it was natural, it was wise; all the special pleading in the world will not make it appear quite worthy of a man of honour.

It is certainly to his credit that he was faithful to his new lord to the end. Commynes made Louis XI. his model and his study; we may almost say that he was a Boswell to that Johnson, and the languor which falls upon his narrative after the death of the King may be taken as an evidence of the importance in the historian's eyes of this one absorbing object of his study. But his own character was without elevation. He cannot hide from us his greediness for place and wealth. Louis XII. wearied of his tireless rapacity, for which the splendours of an almost princely estate at Argenton offered an insufficient indulgence. The last years of Commynes were wasted—so far as they were not occupied in the composition of history—in perverse and pertinacious lawsuits. In his lucidity and meanness he has been compared with Bacon, and the parallel might be continued by a tribute to the tact which each of them is careful to exercise in the conduct of his published writings. M. Langlois has justly remarked that in the long discussion as to why Commynes wrote his "Mémoires" no one has ventured to suggest that it was to revenge himself. His impartiality is above reproach; but it marks a coldness of temperament not exactly sympathetic.

This extraordinary book was written between 1488, when Commynes was imprisoned in the Conciergerie in Paris, and his death on 18 October, 1511; it was published in 1524. (Mr. Whibley, by a curious oversight, misdates these latter occurrences 1509 and 1523 respectively.) In 1566 the "Mémoires" were translated by an Englishman, Thomas Danett, whose version did not see the light until 1596. It is this translation which is here reprinted in two handsome volumes. Mr. Charles Whibley prefixes a well-written introduc-

tion, in which the position and character of Commynes are ably defined. We regret, however, that, in defiance of all the best tradition and in contrariety to the practice of Danett himself, Mr. Whibley prefers to print the name of the historian "Comines"; moreover, in the needless Gallicizing of his surname to "De la Clite" he loses the Flemish character of the house: it should be Van den Clyte. With his remarks regarding the character of Danett's version, we are mainly in accordance. But if to speak of "the stern and careful elegance" of Commynes is surely to stretch the point of praise, it is certainly a much wilder judgment to say that we read the text of Danett "from end to end with a pleasure which comes rather from the music of the phrase than from the simple statement." This is part of the set exaggeration of the value of these early Elizabethan translators which has been adopted throughout this interesting series of books. How a man with the classics of English prose behind him can go back to the rugged and clumsy baldness of these Tudor fumblers after style in any other spirit than that of tolerance it passes us to inquire. Yet we are glad to possess these texts, primitive as they are.

SPORTING ENGLISH.

"Travel and Big Game." By Percy Selous. With Two Chapters by H. A. Bryden. London: Bellairs. 1897.

MR. PERCY SELOUS, who must not be confused with that more famous sportsman F. C. Selous, is a hunter who has travelled far and killed most varieties of big game. He has shot lions, leopards, rhinoceros, hippopotamus and antelopes in South Africa; he has cruised up South American rivers after ocelot and jaguar; he has wintered in Canada and the Rocky Mountains in order to chase bears, elk and moose, and to trap smaller fur-bearing game. In this volume he tells us the story of his sporting adventures, throwing in an account of a hunt with bloodhounds for an escaped negro slave near Rio Janeiro, and an unpleasant description of a bull-fight at Monte Video. Mr. H. A. Bryden (against his will, we believe) adds two chapters on the chase of giraffe, &c. Mr. Selous tells us quite candidly that he shot for gain; whether trapping small game in American backwoods, shooting lions in Bechuana deserts, or collecting beetles on the banks of the Orange River, he always had an eye to the main chance. The hunter's trade may not be the noblest of callings, but it is dangerous and honest; it has always had a fascination to men who, like the author, "prefer the backwoods and their concomitants to all the luxury and pleasures of cities." The stories of hunters' lives help to keep up the British spirit of adventure, and are therefore to be welcomed. Unfortunately, however, the average sportsman is a man of few ideas, and he makes singularly little use of his excellent opportunities for study of animals and their ways. All sportsmen must be keen observers, it is all the more disappointing that their books so often tell us nothing new. The present volume, like so many of its class, is a tale of slaughter, told without regard for the rules of grammar and with an irritating amount of sporting slang. The stories of the different hunts are much the same. Mr. Percy Selous either sees the game or its tracks. He first "cogitates a bit what course to pursue," and then follows his prey with "a pertinacity that knows no ceasing." Having got within suitable range, he selects one member of the "bunch"—for game generally grows in bunches—and "barks at it with his shooting iron"; or he simply "lets her have it"; or he "presents her with the contents of his carbine," or "he gives her his barrel," or he "distributes his 545-calibre about her chest and neck and deep enough too." It does not appear to make much difference whether the game be hit by the barrel, the shot, or the calibre. The "obnoxious gore" soon wells forth, till the animal is stained a "ghastly red"; sometimes it dies where it was hit; at others it makes a "groggy charge." Occasionally, however, the "calibre" are distributed in the wrong direction, and then the author is not only "annoyed with myself because of being maladroit," but there follows an exciting story of a

game of bo-peep with a grizzly bear or a dance round a tree-stump with an infuriated elk. Mr. Percy Selous generally shoots alone; but in his American trips he was sometimes accompanied by "a chum I had been acquainted with some time, Fawcett by name," who shared with him the "delirious pleasure" of chopping their firewood. Sometimes a French Canadian named Gerard formed one of the party. The most precise information we get about this hunter is that, when told there was young elk to be "toted in" to camp, "he altered his tone and became the joyous, gay old chap he always was." These extracts are sufficient to illustrate the author's literary style. It is a pity that a man who knows so well at which end of a rifle the bullet comes out should not also have learnt at which end of a sentence the subject ought to be. Before Mr. Selous writes another book we hope he will learn that to separate a pronoun from the noun for which it stands by a couple of pages of print is as bad as shooting at game from a distance twice as great as that for which the rifle is sighted.

LESSER THEOLOGIANs.

- "Books that Help." By the Rev. H. M. B. Reid. London: J. Gardner Hitt. 1897.
 "The Saviour in the Light of the First Century." By the Rev. J. Parker. London: J. Gardner Hitt. 1897.
 "Heaven an Enquiry." By J. Hunt Cooke. London: Baptist Book Society. 1897.
 "Catechism of Liturgy." Translated from Abbé Dutilliet. London: Murphy. 1897.
 "Obligation of Hearing Mass." By the Rev. J. T. Roche. London: Murphy. 1897.
 "The Anti-Christian Crusade." By R. P. C. Corfe. London: Simpkin, Marshall. 1897.
 "The English Church, the Priest, and the Altar." By Francis Peek. London: Lawrence & Bullen. 1897.
 "From our Dead Selves." Second Edition. London: Nisbet. 1897.

MR. REID, discerning in Scotland a neglect of "devotional reading," exhorts his countrymen to tackle St. Augustine's "Confessions," "Paradise Lost," "Night Thoughts" and some other works. Unfortunately, he has not read the very first on his own list, for he assures the Caledonians that the "Confessions" "close appropriately" many chapters before they do.

Mr. John Parker sees the Kirk imperilled by newer lights, and rushes madly to extinguish these with pieces of the Didache and the Ante-Nicene translations. If we may credit his exposition of their views, the northern newer lights are weak and pallid enough to be snuffed out by his small extinguisher. But his "first century" seems to include St. Polycarp and even Irenæus, to which we must take some small and temporal exceptions. In Mr. Cooke there is still finer reading. His theme is Heaven, and he puts forth this modest advertisement: "To this [Gospel] light the abstruse problems of the great patristic writers, the subtle speculations of the middle-age schoolmen and the frequent inquiries of earnest Christians of to-day are here brought." Mr. Cooke can hardly believe that we may ever have much Heaven here, but he half hopes yet to see godly Baptists ruling over cities and "taking part in State affairs hereafter." He ends with rapturous visions. In one of them a pious greengrocer and his elderly wife sit on chairs between David and Enoch. In another a Sunday School spirit is given the "jewelry of the redeemed," and in a third, an overpowered suburban deacon is shown by an angel "a photographic album, with the scenes of his own past life," after gazing upon which, he found himself able to perform quite elaborate fantasies upon the harp. After such eagle flights of the soul, it becomes really edifying to hear the Abbé Dutilliet relate that the Pope wears white stockings, that his white silk train is called a Falda, and that when a bishop says Mass there should be seven candles instead of six. The Rev. J. T. Roche is not quite so actual as his brother in belief; but he refuses to admit the excuse of distance from a church to his laggard sheep, unless that distance exceeds ten miles. Mr. Robert P. C. Corfe is a layman with a taste for heresy

hunting, which is usually a clerical pastime. He is particularly infuriated at evolution and anthropoid theories, having apparently found that a belief in the first Adam is very prominently insisted upon in the three Creeds. He is exceedingly cross that the English Church Union will not join the hunt, and that he can get nobody to spare a brick or two even for the irresponsible Dean Fremantle. Poor Mr. Corfe has our most emulsive sympathy. Mr. Francis Peek is similarly emulous; but the game he hunts is the over-believer, rather than the under-believer. He is not without humour too, as a glance at his illustrations will show. On page 27 we have a stylish young lady, confessing her sins most daintily to an amorous and ogling curate, who rolls a goatish eye upon her charms. But Mr. Peek does not know the habits of curates. Their opportunities for flirtation are very great. They are beset with languishing Lydias from morn till dewy eve, and they have no need to degrade the Confessional to such purposes. But his illustration is clever and waggish, and no one who knows the facts will deny that clergy boys in bibs are very unfit for the office of penitentiary priest. This is quite apart from the dishonest method of arguing *ab abusu*, with which no one should sympathize. In Mr. Gant's book, "From our Dead Selves," we have the customary instance of a surgeon, who casts away the scalpel for the less familiar pen, and rushes from the dead things of the table, which he knows, to the higher and livelier things of which he is wholly ignorant. He assures himself that he has "rent the veil of Agnosticism in twain." At any rate the bodies of a number of defunct theories come out of their graves and walk through his pages. He indulges freely in the drone of the pulpit cadence, and his style is as sleep inducing as if he were a canon at the least. But when he brisk up into visions of the Hunt-Cooke type, he becomes almost a Joseph Parker in effulgence. Here is a picture of a moonlit lady named Eva. "She lay on a couch in her schoolroom, formerly, at her mother's humble home (Highgate); the pale moonbeams streaming through an oriel window fell upon her form and illumined a picture of peach-bloomed death." Will the intelligent reader kindly say what was formerly at the mother's home at Highgate—the schoolroom, the couch, the lady, the moonlight or peachy death? Mr. Gant finds it hard to anatomize the English tongue; but let him consider that religion requires an even subtler wit than suffices for the art of lucid prose. When he has mastered the latter we shall hear him, perhaps, without impatience upon the former subject.

A COLOURLESS PICTURE OF LONDON.

"Life and Labour of the People in London." By Charles Booth. Vol. IX. Comparison, Survey, and Conclusions. London: Macmillan. 1897.

A "KINDLY CRITIC," according to Mr. Booth, wanted to get from him "what it all came to." One cannot help sympathizing with this kindly critic, who was probably quite as acute as kind. It may have been weakness on my part—it may be the want of a scientific mind—but I must confess that during the passage of the book I frequently found myself longing for the writer to commit himself, to be certain of something, to come to some conclusion—even a wrong one if need be—anything rather than that eternal holding of the scales. It may be a great thing to see all sides of every question, but when a man has expressed an opinion, which evidently is the opinion he believes to be correct, to round it off on every occasion with a possible or impossible "other side" does not leave an impression of strength. Meant for thoroughness, it strikes others as a nervous fear of having gone too far. Accordingly it produces a nervous, irritating effect. Human flesh is not equal to so sustained an effort of strict neutrality. It is an unsuccessful effort, too; for while both sides truly are set up, it is in every case the writer against a dummy; and it is not very difficult to see which is which. So that, as the book proceeds, we feel that it would be just as well to clear the dummies out of the way. And in any case, can this straining after the appearance of impartiality be

worth the pains? Does any one, even with the industry and the honesty of Mr. Charles Booth and his collaborators, suppose himself able to collect all the facts, and to throw all the lights from every position on all the facts, of the life and labour of the four million inhabitants of London, and by a process of induction from this collected mass of data arrive at the truth as to how they live, and why they live as they do, and how they can be made to live better? Even if theoretically sound, that is not the method by which fertile conclusions, whether in speculation or practice, are as a fact arrived at. It is by hypothesis, verified deductively, that knowledge is advanced. A single brilliant generalization, though it be but a guess, may take us at a bound farther in the path of truth than any amount of laborious and necessarily defective induction. Nor is an hypothesis valueless because it turns out to be untenable. It is like a child putting together a puzzle; if he waits to begin his combinations until he has satisfied himself as to the proper relation of all the pieces, he will never begin at all. His plan is to try every combination, successively rejecting those that "do not make sense," until in the end he accomplishes the whole design. The former volumes of this work were devoted to collecting the pieces; in this volume ("Comparison, Survey, and Conclusions") they were to be combined. But Mr. Booth is so impressed by the number and variety of his pieces that, instead of finding in them the great design of London life, he has just lost himself and London and her labour and her people. He is not quite unconscious of this, for he explains apologetically that he does not wish to add any colour that can be avoided to the white light in which he has persistently tried to work. Exactly: London life without colour. No wonder the picture is difficult to recognize, to those who are content to see the lights and shades of London life as they are, without trying to persuade their eyes that light and shade exactly balance. Then, by way of antidote, Mr. Booth suggests that we should turn to "the living picture, which the people of London offer as they are seen in the street." The advice is good, for the picture you see there does live; but it needs to be seen. To Mr. Booth it is the picture of "a well-to-do energetic people." Energetic, indeed; but I can hardly think they would have impressed him as "well-to-do" if he had not been so busy with his inventory of London that he had no time to take in the picture as a whole. "You cannot take an inventory of nature," said Wordsworth; he would have said the same of the life and people of London. My association with the Oxford House and the Mansion House Council on the Dwellings of the Poor has taken me on an average once a week for over ten years through the Bethnal Green Road or the Whitechapel and Mile-End Roads, and truly I could not say I have been impressed with any general appearance of plenty. What does strike me is the mean scale of everything around me, and the dead level of monotony. A stranger would note the respectability of the people; and the little appearance of actual destitution and squalor. But with acquaintance you give up associating disorder and foulness with the workers of East London, and the impression that remains (at least it has been so with me) is that of worry to escape from want. The escape is usually effected, but at the cost of so much energy that little is left for anything better. Does this impression or that of Mr. Booth coincide with his own facts? There is one almost definite conclusion reached in this volume of "Conclusions," viz.: that it is "reasonably sure that one-third of the population are on or about the line of poverty or are below it; having at most an income (weekly) which one time with another averages 21 shillings or 22 shillings for a small family (or up to 25 shillings or 26 shillings for one of larger size), and in many cases falling much below this level." And these people live two or more in a room night and day in rooms of from about 8 feet by 8 feet to 14 by 12; height 8 to 10 feet; and "their lives," according to Mr. Booth, are "an unending struggle and lack comfort." And this is true of one out of every three of the inhabitants of London. It is rather hard on these people to report their lot as "well-to-do." The plutocrat will thank Mr. Booth more than they.

It will not, I hope, be supposed that because I take exception to the method of this volume of "Conclusions" I am not alive to the value of Mr. Booth's labours. There is nothing gained by expatiating on that value; those who are not seriously interested in the working people of London and their life can never be made to appreciate it; those who are, know it without being told.

HAROLD HODGE.

RECENT VERSE.

- "Estabelle and other Verse." By John Stuart Thomson. Toronto: Briggs. 1897.
 "Optimus and other Poems." By M. R. Steadman. London: Swan Sonnenschein. 1897.
 "Musa Medica." By J. Johnston, M.D. London: The Savoy Press. 1897.
 "The Story of Jephthah and other Poems." By A. W. Thead. London: Digby, Long. 1897.
 "Leisure Hour Lyrics." By C. W. James. London: Simpkin, Marshall. 1897.
 "Word Sketches in Windsor." By Alexander Buckler. London: Digby, Long. 1897.
 "In London and other Poems." By C. J. Shearer. London: Elliot Stock. 1897.

THERE must be always more than readiness in a mind of active sympathies to be brought into touch with nature under a new aspect. English poets have often been able to bring home to us the charm of Italian landscape and of other countries that by adoption have become their own. Within the last few years Mr. Kipling has adequately impressed even the stay-at-home reader with the tropical terrors and glories of the Indian climate. But we still wait to be made intimate through verse with the peculiar charm of the American seasons, and of the warm weather of Canada. Mr. Thomson has an open eye for the beauties amongst which he lives, but he has not the voice to communicate to us that thrill which a masterly expression of the unfamiliar can give. It is somewhat like the task of the translator to stir this conviction in us of things not belonging to ourselves. Mr. Thomson supplies us merely with a metrical catalogue; his verse is correct and unaffected, but if there is nothing in it that calls for abuse, there is also little that can claim praise. Both in his stayings at home and his wanderings abroad his verse remains equally colourless.

We gather from Miss Steadman's preface that her book is already secure of an audience for personal reasons. We hope it will be large enough to spare her from any disappointment if her verse should fail to win a less interested public. The whole volume, with its frontispiece portrait, dated and autographically inscribed "With loving memories," suggests that the occasion for its publication was rather friendly than literary. In a book of such amateur elements it is unusual to find, as one does here, that the blank verse is considerably better than the rhymed.

Dr. Johnston also prefaces his book of verse with a signed portrait and a dedication to a scholarly circle of friends from whom he has already received impulse and encouragement in his pursuit of the *Musa Medica*: so here again a ready-made public makes the critic's task superfluous. Since these medicated verses have apparently a predestined place in certain affections, it would be ungracious of us to interject any harsh note of our own amid this harmony of supply and demand.

The value Mr. Thead sets on his verses, and the real value of them, may equally be judged from the fact that he devotes a whole page to the following precious fragment:—

"May joy be yours,—may all that e'er endears,
 Be aye your lot through many happy years."

There are several so-called humorous poems contained in the volume; but it is in the three religious poems which occupy the place of honour that most food for mirth is to be found. From the mouth of Goliath, in a dramatic duet between himself and David, we cull this fragment:—

"Your God-trusting heart I will cut from its seat
 And gloat o'er your cries as it ceases to beat."
 But we shall have far exceeded our purpose if it persuades a single person that the book is worth reading.

Mr. C. W. James in his lyrical leisure hour has turned out 260 lines of verse, and has turned them loose in a pamphlet of twenty-five pages. It is just as well to let intending readers know precisely the point at which Mr. James thinks his leisure sufficiently productive for publication in book-form. The verse is about as thin in quality as the book in quantity.

Visitors who want a metrical guide to Windsor Castle and its surroundings might do worse than purchase Mr. Buckler's volume on the subject. It contains a good deal of the kind of information supplied by official guides, and is written in the spirit that helps the sightseer to believe that Royalty always adorns with excellent taste whatever it touches. Mr. Buckler has already a courtier's record of verse to show, and has been allowed on this occasion to dedicate his efforts to the Marquis of Lorne, a brother poet, if we mistake not, as well as Governor of Windsor Castle.

London is a bigger place to write about than Windsor, and demands more of its poet. Mr. Shearer, however, does not concern himself for long over his selected locale. Having provided himself with a title by penning his opening stanzas "In London," he roams free over the whole world, and fills a rather fat volume with rather creditable results. One can trace more often than not the derivative note, but there is melody and movement in a good deal that he has done. Almost at random we take this sample from a poem on "March," the first quotation we have been able to make here with any pleasure or indication of compliment:

"Brown month, that fill'st the throat of the year with dust,
And the throats of the birds with song;
Warrior month, faithful and true to thy trust;
Herald standing between the old and the new,
Ruddy, and strong, and true,
With one clear call to the doubting heart
Standing forlorn, apart,
The windy slopes among:
There's a cry on the hills, and a stir in the heart of the tree;
And the earth awakes and opens its thousand eyes,
And the dead once more arise.
And visions of prophecy trouble the ancient woods,

And tiny hands reach up through the whitened grass
And call to the winds as they pass;
And baby-faces laugh in the sight of the sun."
This is not specially original verse, but at least it is tuneful; and on certain occasions one gets thankful for small mercies. There is a certain honesty in a minor poet bringing his readers full measure, and we have protested already against the other extreme; but we think Mr. Shearer errs too much on the generous side, and runs less chance thereby of having his best bits appreciated. There is much quite good verse in the book.

FICTION.

"A Day's Tragedy. A Novel in Rhyme." By Allen Upward. London: Chapman & Hall. 1897.

NOWADAYS, alas! there is no sale for poetry, however bad it may be; and Mr. Upward has thoughtfully disarmed the parsimonious by dubbing this narrative and didactic poem "A Novel in Rhyme." It narrates the trial of a young man for murdering the husband of a young lady because she once loved him; and it teaches us that Society is rotten, and that there are higher laws than those which hold it together. We are not surprised to find Mr. Upward entirely on the side of the young man and the higher laws; but he does not carry us with him. He fails to inspire into us any sympathy with the young man; we are left on the side of the jury who convicted him; we agree with the judge who summed up against him, and we are unfeignedly glad when the tedious young ranter poisons himself. We should have preferred him hanged, indeed; and Mr. Upward would have shown himself more of an artist if he had let him be hanged; but we console ourselves with the thought that Mr. Upward has been spared the writing, we the reading, of a description of a hanging scene, and that the

book is shorter. There is, indeed, a certain force and passion in parts of the arraignment of Society; but as a whole it is continually weakened by mere rhetorical claptrap. The form of this curious production reminds us sometimes of Scott, sometimes of Browning, often of the familiar lilt of

"Punch, conductor, punch with care,

Punch in the presence of the passenger!"

But in the matter of poetic license Mr. Upward cherishes the broadest and most generous views. We do not mind his calling a barmaid a "priestess debonair," or his calling a grouse-poacher a "marauding mountaineer"; he may make "palaces" rhyme with "treasuries," if he will; but it is straining license to turn "Mars" into "Mar" that it may rhyme with "for." On the whole, though Mr. Upward's metaphors may not be unmixed and his images may be weak or grotesque, though his profound sayings often fill us with unhappy memories of the copybooks of our childhood, we cannot but feel that the sacred name of novel has been profaned.

"In Kedar's Tents." By Henry Seton Merriman. London: Smith, Elder. 1897.

Since he abandoned his earlier Besantine manner Mr. Merriman has been writing better and better. "In Kedar's Tents" is a vigorous, well-constructed story in which the incidents follow with a sufficient dramatic necessity, and some of the scenes are set before us with a real dramatic intensity. The men and women in it are appropriate to such a story; they are not of complex natures. People of action, moved by plain motives, they have not the time to grow complex; and as far as they go they are well realized and well drawn. Throughout the book there is an undercurrent of the wisdom of a thoughtful man who has seen life, which finds frequent expression in an incisive phrase; sometimes, indeed, the epigram only disguises a platitude, and the failure comes from an effort to be smart. Mr. Merriman attaches too high a value to smartness. The dialogues are good, and the reticent lovmaking of Estella and Conyngham is charming. Mr. Merriman has a very fair idea of what to leave out; he will learn to leave out more, and write better still.

"Middle Greyness." By A. J. Dawson. London and New York: Lane. 1897.

Mr. Dawson was not happy in his choice of the novel as the medium of the expression of his thought. He is convinced that the life of the creator—apparently of the literary creator—is superior to the "groove" of the politician, the barrister, or the man of business; and he might have asserted his conviction with greater effect in an essay. For to write a novel a man must have some power of presenting human nature; Mr. Dawson only gives us stock characters of melodramatic literature—the disgraced gentleman of immense intellect and knowledge who lives a solitary in the Bush, with Horace, Rabelais and Browning on his bookshelves; the young politician who is very nearly the leader of his party at thirty; the disappointing young man who writes a work of genius. We know them all; we are tired of them all; not one of them is really alive to us. Mr. Dawson calls the drunkard's passion a "black streak," dissipation "lurid lights," an impossible artist who talks the old jargon of the aesthetes "an apostle of caviarre" (*sic*). It is cheap.

"A Child in the Temple." By Frank Mathew. London and New York: Lane. 1897.

This slight, fantastic story reads like the work of a humble disciple of Henry Kingsley. It is prettily written in the fashion of an amateur, and marred by a continuous, patient effort to be quaintly humorous.

"Forbidden by Law." By Major Arthur Griffiths. London: Jarrold. 1897.

Major Arthur Griffiths has the art of inducing us to read without skipping; but when we have finished his long novel we cannot conscientiously say that we have anything like fair compensation for the disturbance of our instincts. The hero and the heroine are deplorably automatic. The man, we are told, is a dashing young officer in the Preventive Service, and the maid is the winsome daughter of an

old soldier who, losing his earnings by keeping a public-house, is suspected of smuggling tobacco; yet, despite the possibilities lurking in these characters, their love-making is decorous and dull. Neither ever says to the other a word that rings true. Besides, the style of the story generally is complacent and tiresome. From beginning to end there is scarcely an hour unaccounted for. The result is tedium and hope deferred. Major Arthur Griffiths lacks the power to tell of adventure and romance with the necessary rattle and dash and mirth. On every page we seem to see him, smilingly, in an armchair, prattling on at the rate of eighty words a minute, with never a quite right word to undo the annoyance of his self-satisfied air. It must be admitted that he has a fine taste in scoundrels.

"The Adventures of St. Kevin, and other Irish Tales." By P. D. Rogers. London: Swan Sonnenschein. 1897.

Saint Kevin was the Abbot of Ballykilowen. We are not told the period during which he flourished. That leaves us in doubt as to whether Mr. Rogers's tales about him reflect any state of Irish society. The Abbot, it is said, granted a gold-mining concession to a Welshman, and fought a bloody battle with the man because of a breach of contract. Then the Abbot had a difference of opinion with his Bishop, the prelate of Kerry, about a question of vestments. The dispute led to a stand-up fight with his Lordship in the office of a weekly newspaper, of which the Abbot was editor. The Abbot was excommunicated. Thereupon he went to Rome, bribed the Cardinals and the Pope, and had the decree of excommunication annulled. The Bishop and the inferior father celebrated their reconciliation by an all-night carousal. Indeed, the tales are saturate with whisky. Once more established at home, the Abbot was publicly denounced by a temperance orator. Suspecting the orator to be a pretender, the Abbot challenged him to a drinking match at the Market Cross before all the people. Whoso became intoxicated first should be declared the man of true temperance. The orator shammed, of course; and, by the Abbot's order, was subjected to the correction of the village pump. That, no doubt, served him right, and, indeed, the orator confessed his sin; but we feel that Mr. Rogers has written farcical comedy. Still, farcical comedy is often better than attempts at more ambitious art.

"A Rich Man's Daughter." By Mrs. J. H. Riddell. London: White. 1897.

The invertebrate damsel who gives its title to Mrs. Riddell's clever little book is, perhaps, the one utterly uninteresting being therein portrayed. Fortunately she appears but seldom, leaving the stage clear for the "shilling doctor," Claud Dagley, who may be considered something of a creation in the way of characters. His delicate brutalities are so skilfully handled as to make him quite uncomfortably convincing. He is sympathetic in a way that neither the conventional villain nor the stock "good fellow" can hope to be. His shilling patients, again, are capably sketched. The reformed wife-beater alone repays one for the trouble of reading the book. Mrs. Riddell has never done anything better worth doing than the grimly humorous pictures of Vink and his fellow-lodgers. The commonplace social scenes that are put on now and again, so as to bring forward the veriest failure in the way of heroines, hardly seem to be written by the same hand.

"Camera Lucida" (Sampson Low), by Bertha Thomas, opens badly, with a somewhat feeble story of a male jilt. The conscientious reviewer, however, read on and was repaid by coming to more than one clever tale and many that were readable. Leaving out the condemned one, which has, for no apparent reason, the title of "Hand in Hand," we found the collection unusually entertaining and well selected. It is a little depressing to discover that the most lovable people are almost invariably slain; but in the sternly brief span of life allowed them by the author they furnish excellent reading.

"A Man's Undoing" (F. V. White), by Mrs. Lovett

Cameron, impresses us as the purest pot-boiling. Not a situation, not a sentiment in it, but belongs to the stale "properties" of stale novels gone to dust. She was rich and he was poor; so he went away and married the nearest adventuress, who was obliging enough to die at the appropriate moment. We have seen nothing so weak as this from Mrs. Lovett Cameron. She is probably in need of rest for her fatally fluent pen.

"In Camp and Cantonment" (Hurst & Blackett), by Mrs. Cuthell, is a collection of tales which, being military and Anglo-Indian, suggest the inevitable Kipling comparison. This is helped out by an occasional fatal likeness. The story of what happened in the dust-storm is most injudiciously like a tale by Kipling which deals with the identical subject. This subject, by the way (the confusion arising from strong resemblance between two sisters), is somewhat done to death by Mrs. Cuthell. No fewer than three of the tales hinge upon it. They are all easily and brightly written, if not very new.

"Good Mrs. Hypocrite" (Hutchinson), by "Rita," has all the crude raciness of which its author is mistress. It makes fairly amusing reading, though the caricature is clumsy enough. "Peg the Rake" gave us great hopes of "Rita" which she carries to fulfil.

"A Welsh Singer" (Hutchinson), by Allen Raine, contains 365 pages of small print dealing with the artless loves and the career of a Welsh shepherdess turned public singer. Some of the Welsh bits are picturesque and touching. The London scenes are simply foolish.

"Kirkham's Find" (Methuen), by Mary Gaunt, is a thoroughly pleasing book for girls. It is not addressed specially to them; but they will sympathize with Phoebe. The fight with "blackfellows" is done with great spirit. The punctuation is sometimes a little eccentric.

"Stapleton's Luck" (Bentley), by Margery Hollis, is a good average bit of writing, with a mild sensation here and there. The picture of the Dissenter, trying to reconcile bigotry with a tender heart, is the best thing in the book.

"A Trick of Fame" (Bentley), by H. Hamilton-Fyfe, has many good points. We have met before this the Labour member, suddenly raised by a grateful Government from Shepherd's Bush to Mayfair and the Cabinet, but he will always be an entertaining figure. The caricatures of Lord Randolph Churchill and the leaders of the old "aesthetic movement" come a little late in the day.

"Bijou" (Hutchinson), by "Gyp," translated by Alys Hallard, is one of the best renderings of French that we have ever come across. The translator has taken pains to give the exact equivalent in sense of even slang terms, instead of the misleading and foolish clinging to the letter which spoils so many translations for us. It was easily done in this instance, the scenes described being familiar. "Bijou" is one of the very slightest of all the sketches "Gyp" has written. It deals solely with the fact that a certain young girl was an atrocious flirt and passed for a saint, even with her victims. Heaped up instances form the whole substance of the book. Still, being by "Gyp," it is lively, charming, and most delicately wicked.

"Esther Dunbar" (Partridge), by Eliza Pollard, is full of old friends like the illegal wedding of the hero with the spotless heroine and his subsequent marriage with the heiress who alone can save his father's name from dishonour; and the wealthy uncle who turns up from the colonies with money for all the virtuous characters. It is pleasantly written, with a well-thought-out plot, and eminently fitted for the young person, the illegal marriage notwithstanding.

"The Showman's Daughter" (Hurst & Blackett), by Scott Graham, tells of a deserving young man who was fraudulently kept out of his estates, but comes to his own in the end, after a wholesome course of street-singing and playing the organ. It differs very slightly from the numerous books of its order. Perhaps the most distinctive characters are the two young Frenchmen, with their John Bull of a father, whom they daily mystify, and the ultra-Parisian mother whose product they are. Her development from *ingénue* to *mondaine* is shown with some cleverness.

LITERARY NOTES.

A TEMPORARY lull has fallen upon the book-world—a reaction after the first ebullition of the autumn season. Publishers are perhaps wise in giving both the critics and the public breathing-time before inviting them to consider the usual *embarras de richesse* of Yuletide.

Some fifty of the pictures and drawings by the late Edward Armitage, R.A., are being reproduced in a folio volume by Messrs. Sampson Low. The descriptive text is supplied by Dr. Jean Paul Richter.

Dr. Louis Waldstein's work on psychic phenomena, with the portentous title "The Sub-conscious Self and its Relation to Education and Health," is to be given to the world next week. Mr. Grant Richards will publish it, together with Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's version of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam." Speaking of his great predecessor in the same task, Mr. Le Gallienne remarks, "Out of the hoard of wine-stained rose-leaves, Fitzgerald made his wonderful Rose of the hundred and one Petals—purple rose incomparable for glory and perfume!"

Two posthumous works figure amongst Mr. Fisher Unwin's publications for the coming week. The first is of interest as the last story of the late Mr. Augustus Sala, entitled "Margaret Foster." The chief attraction of the volume of poems, "Vox Humana," by the late John Mills, is the inclusion of the annual sonnets which the poet addressed to his wife on her birthday. These works are balanced by the more solid qualities of Karl Kautsky's "Communism in Middle Europe in the Time of the Reformation," the translation of which has been undertaken by Mr. and Mrs. Mulliken.

Some really reliable information on the Klondyke district is just being published by Messrs. Sampson Low, in the two years' experience of a police officer on the Yukon River. Mr. H. E. Hayne has illustrated his volume, "Pioneers of Klondyke," with photographs taken by himself on the spot, and has entrusted the narrative of his story to Mr. H. West Taylor.

A biographical introduction has been written by Mr. A. J. Balfour for "The Works of George Berkeley," which Messrs. George Bell are adding to Bohn's Philosophical Library.

Two works of art interest are among Messrs. Chapman & Hall's new productions, Mr. James Ward's treatise on "Historic Ornament" and Mr. William Harbutt's "Plastic Method," in which the author discusses the advantages of his new modelling clay, "Plasticine." The second volume of "Frederick the Great" is also ready in the Centenary Edition of Carlyle's works.

Mr. W. Alison Phillips, who has been associated with the English rendering of Von Vogelweide's poems, has completed, for Messrs. Smith, Elder, a work on "The War of Greek Independence, 1821-35." The same publishers have in the press a new edition of Mrs. Browning's poems in single-volume form.

The list of London publishers is to be augmented by the firm of Duckworth & Co. The chief partner is Mr. Gerald Duckworth, who has gained his experience in the firm of Messrs. Dent, and is a stepson of Mr. Leslie Stephen. Another change is the formation of the Roxburghe Press into a limited company, with Mr. Rideal, the founder, as permanent governing director, and with a capital of £100,000.

The issue of M. Zola's "Paris" has been deferred by Messrs. Chatto & Windus until the New Year, in order to allow of its appearing in serial form. The 4th prox. has been fixed for the publication of Mr. Austin Clare's volume of tales and sketches, entitled "By the Rise of the River."

On November 1st Messrs. Black commence their issue of the Dryburgh Edition of the Waverley Novels. Each of the twenty-five volumes contains a photogravure frontispiece on Japanese vellum paper.

A novelty in the new literary publication, "The Quilldriver," is the permission given to authors to

review their own compositions. This should prove an inestimable boon to the log-rolling fraternity.

An expensive work, with coloured plates, is in preparation at Messrs. Constable's on the subject of "Medals and Decorations of the British Army and Navy." The other volumes coming from this house are a new issue of the "Paston Letters," edited by Mr. James Gairdner, and "The Principles of Local Government," by Mr. G. Laurence Gomme.

Two Transatlantic volumes are to be given to us shortly by Messrs. J. M. Dent in "American Lands and Letters," by Mr. Donald G. Mitchell, and "Meadow Grass," Miss Alice Brown's book of New England stories.

Messrs. David Bryce & Son, of Glasgow, have just issued a volume of poems by Mr. Hamish Hendry, which has been somewhat ambiguously christened "Burns from Heaven."

The growth of the guide-book into a literary production is strongly emphasized in the work which Mr. George Allen is preparing, on "The Bible of St. Mark." The descriptive key to St. Mark's Church, Venice, has been written by the Rev. Dr. Alexander Robertson, and in manuscript form has gained the approval of Mr. Ruskin and of the late Lord Plunket.

Mr. S. R. Crockett's name is prominent on Messrs. Gardner, Darton's list; he has contributed both a young people's book on "The Surprising Adventures of Sir Toady Lion, with those of General Napoleon Smith," and an introductory note to "Sun-Flowers," the volume of music which Miss Katherine Ramsay has composed from "The Child's Garden of Verses." Another book for Christmas is Miss Mary Macleod's "Stories from the 'Faerie Queene.'"

Mr. Heinemann will publish during the winter Dr. Richard Garnett's "History of Italian Literature."

A new story by Miss Anna Katharine Green, author of "The Leavenworth Case," has been secured by Messrs. Putnam's Sons. It is called "Lost Man's Lane."

Mr. J. Y. Simpson is publishing through Messrs. Blackwood some "New Lights on Siberia; with an Account of a Journey on the Great Siberian Iron Road."

The two latest additions to Messrs. Black's "Literary Epoch Series" are "Century Prose," edited by Mr. J. H. Fowler, and "Century Poetry," for which Mr. A. C. Macdonnell is responsible.

The forthcoming additions to Messrs. Kegan Paul's "Pamphlet Library" are "Religious Pamphlets," the selection of which is in the hands of the Rev. Percy Dearmer, and "Dramatic Pamphlets," edited and introduced by Mr. Thomas Secombe.

Mr. David Christie Murray has been particularly prolific of late: yet another book is in preparation by Mr. Downey, yclept "A Cockney Columbus: Travel and Researches in the United States and in Canada, with an Excursion to the Antipodes."

Messrs. T. & T. Clark have several weighty works in hand for the autumn season, among which may be mentioned the authorized translation of Professor Christlieb's "Homiletic: Lectures on Preaching"; a "History of Christianity in the Apostolic Age," by Professor McGiffert; and a revised edition of Professor Driver's "Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament."

Messrs. W. & A. K. Johnston have issued a capital coloured war-map of the North-West Indian frontier, with the scenes of the present hostilities underlined in red.

The "Wolseley Series" of military works by leading Continental authorities is being edited for Messrs. Kegan Paul by Captain Walter H. James. The first two volumes are "With the Royal Headquarters in 1870-71," by General von Verdy du Vernois, and "Letters on Strategy," by the late Prince Kraft Hohenlohe-Ingelfingen. These will be followed by "Napoleon as a Strategist," from the pen of Count York von Wartenberg, and "The Art of War," by Baron von der Goltz.

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A concise history of "The English Black Monks of St. Benedict," from the coming of St. Augustine to the present day, has been prepared by the Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton, and is among Mr. Nimmo's autumn productions.

"Kings of the Turf" is the suggestive title which "Thormanby," of sporting fame, has given to his volume of racing records. It is in the hands of Mr. Hutchinson.

SOME LAW BOOKS.

"Harris's Principles of the Criminal Law." Seventh Edition. By Charles H. Attenborough. London: Stevens & Haynes. 1897.

WE are glad to see that "Harris's Criminal Law" continues to hold its own against rivals, for we regard it as a model book of its kind. It was primarily intended for students; but it is by no means a crude summary or mere cram book, and the present edition—which has been carefully revised and brought up to date by Mr. Attenborough, although, of course, it does not attempt to displace such indispensable works as those of Archbold or Roscoe—contains such a thorough and accurate exposition of the law that practitioners will find it a useful guide for quick reference, especially to recent statutes. The procedure of the Courts from those of first instance to the Court for Crown Cases Reserved, and the detailed stages of a criminal inquiry are explained more clearly than in any book we have met.

"Cardinal Rules of Legal Interpretation." By Edward Beal. London: Stevens. 1897.

Mr. Beal has thrown together somewhat loosely a long list of judicial decisions as to the proper interpretation of statutes, contracts, wills, deeds, and miscellaneous instruments of all sorts. The work ought to be most useful for reference, especially as it is provided with an excellent index; but it is not in any proper sense of the word a book at all, at least if originality has any part in book-making, for from end to end there is hardly a single word of Mr. Beal's own. It is rather a reprint of a very copious and well-kept note-book, with here and there an explanatory heading. But timidity is the note of all our modern law writers, who love to pile quotation on quotation and seem to think that to disagree with a judge must be something not far short of high treason. And yet they know in their daily practice that the decisions of judges are constantly reversed by higher tribunals, although it is in all cases a mere toss-up whether the decision ever reaches such higher tribunal. The idea that a lawyer in court, or even on the bench, is something altogether higher and holier than a lawyer in his study is essentially erroneous, for, as Mr. Justice Stephen said, in quoting from one of his own books, a lawyer in writing a book is often able to give more careful study to the subject than he can when on the bench. Let us have the "authorities" by all means; but let writers like Mr. Beal pluck up courage to write real books for themselves and to remit the extracts to their proper place as illustrations of the text.

"The Duties and Liabilities of Trustees." By Augustine Birrell, Q.C., M.P. London: Macmillan. 1897.

No one can complain of Mr. Birrell at any rate that he gives too many authorities and too little comment. He comments daringly, one might say impudently, on the most sacred of legal anachronisms, and breaks out into anecdotes or literary allusions on the least provocation. We hope the example will not be followed, for your normal lawyer jokes with so much difficulty that the result would be painful. But in Mr. Birrell's case the humour is spontaneous and the law is sound, and so it is impossible to find fault with him. We rejoice to see also that he has something to say about our preposterous system of law-making: "Nobody knows what goes on in Parliament—our laws are reformed in the dead of night, in silence and obscurity—yet none the less are these statutes, unless wholly unintelligible, binding alike upon the most headstrong and self-opinionative of County Court Judges, and upon the sublimer beings who, regardless of authority, occupy the scarlet benches of the House of Lords." We wish especially to recommend this book to lay readers who may at any time become trustees without quite intending it, and for whose guidance it will be invaluable.

"Foreign Enlistment Act, 1870." By Gerald John Wheeler. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode. 1897.

This is rather a belated pamphlet on the Jameson case than a law book. The part containing the text of the Foreign Enlistment Act and other English Acts of the time of George II. and George III., the American Neutrality Act, 1818, and a number of British and American Cases is good enough so far as it goes, but the latter portion, entitled "Dr. Jameson's Affair; some History of South Africa," is mere worthless padding. If half the book were cut out and the remainder re-written, we should have a useful little treatise on a much misunderstood subject.

"Women under the English Law." By A. R. Cleveland Hurst & Blackett. 1897.

There is some "fine confused reading" in this book, which wanders over the whole field of women's rights and wrongs, the authorities cited ranging from Tacitus and the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle to Sir Walter Scott and cuttings from the "Evening Standard." The general idea is to show how much freer, better and happier women now are than in the old days when the law was full of cruel restrictions and punishments from the brank and the cucking stool to burning for witchcraft or boiling alive for husband poisoners. Those who like interesting anecdotes about women in the olden time will find them in Mr. Cleveland's book, but we fear we can assign it no greater value.

"Curiosities of Law and Lawyers." By Croake James. London: Sampson Low. 1897.

We are glad to welcome a new edition of what is, on the whole, the best collection of legal anecdotes we are acquainted with. A volume of forensic witticisms would be heavy reading if taken from cover to cover, but for occasional reference we have found this book most refreshing. Specimens of what passed for eloquence at different periods, instances of the legal way of looking at things and of the roguery that passed for law in the old days, with many examples of judicial brutality or stupidity, make up the bulk of the collection. The humour of the Bench is sometimes rather far-fetched, but there is one very old anecdote that is worth repeating, since it has the merit of being true, and also because it enshrines an example of a perfect judicial repartee. When the fanatic Lacy appeared before Chief Justice Holt and declared that he was a prophet "sent by the Lord God to demand a *nolle prosequi* for his servant, John Atkins, whom thou hast cast into prison," Holt replied, "Thou art a false prophet and a lying knave. If the Lord God had sent thee, it would have been to the Attorney-General, for He knows that it belongeth not to the Chief Justice to grant a *nolle prosequi*." The confidence of the great judge that the Almighty was well versed in the procedure of the English Courts and his indignation at the imputation of bad law are exquisite.

(For This Week's Books see page 480.)

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is published every Saturday morning, but a Foreign Edition is issued in time for the Indian and Colonial mails every Friday afternoon. Advertisements for this First Edition cannot be received later than Thursday night, but for the regular issue they can be taken up to 4 p.m. on Fridays. ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent to the PUBLISHING OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND. A printed Scale of Charges may be obtained on application.

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"C'est ainsi que nous avons appris de la bouche même de Cordang que sa nourriture presque exclusive pendant le grand record du Crystal Palace fut de l'extrait anglais de viande de bœuf Vimbos et des raisins."

TRANSLATION of EXTRACT:

"CORDANG personally informed us that during his great record ride at the Crystal Palace, he subsisted almost entirely on raisins and an English beef preparation called VIMBOS."

OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE:

130 QUEEN VICTORIA ST., LONDON, E.C.

Works—EDINBURGH.

Send post-card for Sample, which will be sent free to any address on mentioning "The Saturday Review."

BONANZA, LIMITED.

CAPITAL £200,000.

August 1897.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

EXPENDITURE for 5,881 Tons.

	£	s.	d.
Mining	2,257	12	7
Sorting and Crushing	686	6	9
Milling	1,473	18	2
Cyaniding	1,171	1	1
Slimes	286	12	9
General Expenses	1,400	3	2

Development Redemption	7,275	14	6
	2,793	9	6

Nett Profit	10,069	4	0
	21,908	5	5

£31,977 9 5

REVENUE.

	£	s.	d.
MILL GOLD:			
Gold won 5,900 ozs. at 70s.	40,650	0	0
Plus amount received in excess of Book entries for July	500	17	5
	21,150	17	5

CYANIDE GOLD:			
Gold won 2,952 ozs. at 70s.	10,332	0	0
Plus amount received in excess of Book entries for July	494	12	0
	10,826	12	0

Total (£5 8s. 8½d. per ton) £31,977 9 5

FURTHER EXPENDITURE.—(On Capital Account.)

Development	£1,694	19	2
New Slimes Plant	4,071	14	11
New Engine House	6	0	0
New Boiler	1,041	7	9
Cyanide Plant, &c. &c.	1,211	16	0
	£8,025	17	10

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT above shows:—

Income	£31,977 9 5	equal to	£5 8 8½d per ton milled.
Expenditure	7,275 14 6	"	1 4 8½d "
Gross Profit	£24,701 14 11	"	£4 4 0'07 "
Less Written off for Development Redemption	2,793 9 6	"	0 9 6 "
Balance—Nett Profit	£21,908 5 5	"	£3 14 6'07 per ton

FRANCIS SPENCER, Manager.

ROODEPOORT UNITED MAIN REEF GOLD MINING CO. LIMITED.

BALANCE SHEET FOR THE YEAR ENDED JUNE 30, 1897.

LIABILITIES.				ASSETS.			
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To Capital Account	150,000	0	0	By Property	76,000	0	0
„ Sundry Creditors	5,616	15	8	„ Machinery and Plant as at June 30, 1896	64,477	19	9
„ On Account Stores, Wages, &c.				„ Expenditure during the current year	5,183	1	4
„ Unclaimed Dividends Nos. 1 to 6	1,107	7	0		69,661	1	1
„ Sundry Shareholders Dividend No. 7	22,500	0	0	„ Less Depreciation 15 per cent.	10,449	3	0
„ Profit and Loss Account Balance	9,067	15	10				
				„ Permanent Works as at June 30, 1896	14,828	0	5
				„ Expenditure during the current year	42	6	3
					14,870	6	8
				„ Less Depreciation 15 per cent.	2,230	11	0
				„ Buildings as at June 30, 1896	12,941	13	8
				„ Expenditure during the current year	979	2	11
					13,920	16	7
				„ Less Depreciation 15 per cent.	2,088	2	3
				„ Tools and Appliances as at June 30, 1896	144	10	0
				„ Less Depreciation 15 per cent.	21	13	6
				„ Furniture as at June 30, 1896	147	10	11
				„ Expenditure during the current year	400	0	0
					547	10	11
				„ Less Depreciation 15 per cent.	82	2	6
				„ Live Stock and Carts, as at June 30, 1896	239	6	4
				„ Expenditure during the current year	164	8	7
					403	14	11
				„ Less Depreciation 15 per cent.	60	11	3
				„ Reservoirs and Dams as at June 30, 1896	420	0	9
				„ Expenditure during the current year	660	9	9
					1,080	10	6
				„ Less Depreciation 15 per cent.	162	1	6
				„ Investment Account			
				„ 56 Shares in the Rand Mutual Assurance Co.			
				„ Sundry Debtors			
				„ Stores on hand			
				„ Gold in Transit	7,290	0	0
				„ Cash on Hand at the Mine	812	8	8
				At the National Bank (current account)	16,108	10	4
				At the National Bank (dividend account)	1,107	7	0
				At London Office	353	16	7
					25,672	2	7
					£189,191	18	6

J. V. BLINKHORN, Secretary.

For the Board of Directors,

F. MOSENTHAL, Chairman.
ADOLPHE WAGNER, } Directors.
MARTIN LUEBECK, }

We hereby certify that we have examined the Books and Accounts of the Roodepoort United Main Reef Gold Mining Company, Limited, and compared them with the Vouchers and Bank Book, and find them to be correct, and to contain the particulars required by the Company's Articles of Association, and properly drawn up, so as to exhibit a true and correct Statement of the Company's affairs.

DAVID FRASER, } Auditors.
C. L. ANDERSSON, }

Johannesburg, August 12, 1897.

To the cautious investor in an undertaking of this kind, which is more or less industrial, the first and only desideratum is that the Members of the Board who actively control the operations of the concern should comprise men of influence and high official standing, of large commercial and financial experience and integrity. The Directorate and Advisory Board of this Corporation, which includes the Prime Minister of British Columbia, has been specially selected to fulfil these conditions.

The Lists will close on or before Saturday, October 30, for both Town and Country.

DAWSON CITY (KLONDYKE) AND DOMINION TRADING CORPORATION, LIMITED.

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1893.)

CAPITAL - - - - - £600,000

In 588,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each and 6,000 Deferred Shares of £2 each.

After the payment of a dividend of 20 per cent. to the holders of the Ordinary Shares, the surplus profits, subject to the provision of a Reserve Fund, will be divided as to one-half to the holders of the Ordinary Shares, and as to the other half to the holders of the Deferred Shares.

The whole of the 588,000 Ordinary Shares will be devoted to Working Capital.

Issue of 500,000 Ordinary Shares, payable 2s. 6d. per Share on Application, 7s. 6d. per Share on Allotment, and the Balance on January 1, 1898

- ADVISORY BOARD IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.
The Hon. J. H. TURNER, Premier and Minister of Finance, British Columbia.
The Hon. C. E. POOLEY, Q.C., President of the Executive Council, British Columbia.
JOSEPH BOSCHOWITZ, Victoria, British Columbia.
DIRECTORS IN LONDON.
General Sir MICHAEL BIDDULPH, G.C.B., 2 Whitehall Court, London, S.W.
HENRY HEAVEN (Director New Civil Service Co-operation, Limited).
J. DE L. COHEN (Director Klondyke and Columbian Goldfields, Limited).
H. CHESTER-MASTER (Director Klondyke and Columbian Goldfields, Limited).
J. W. TAYLOR, J.P. (Director Perth Mining and Trading Syndicate, Limited).
CONSULTING ENGINEER.
E. G. TILTON, C.E., Victoria, British Columbia.
BANKERS.
BROWN, JANSON & CO., 32 Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.
BANK OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, Victoria, British Columbia, and 60 Lombard Street, London, E.C.

- BROKERS.
LONDON-GEORGE REAVELEY & CO. 5 Throgmorton Avenue, and Stock Exchange, E.C.
GLASGOW-DOUGLAS CAIRNEY, 45 West Nile Street, and Stock Exchange.
DUBLIN-W. CRAIG MURRAY, 51 Dame Street and Stock Exchange.
BRADFORD-MIDDLETON & FRASER, Swan Arcade, Bradford.
HALIFAX-C. RAMOS APPELVARD, 3 Harrison Road, Halifax.
SWANSEA-STEPHEN P. WILLS, 30 Wind Street, Swansea.
SOLICITORS.
SPENCER, CRIDLAND & CO., 34 Victoria Street, S.W., and 215 Piccadilly, W.
DAVIE, POOLEY & LUXTON, Victoria, British Columbia.
AUDITORS.
DELOITTE, DEVER, GRIFFITHS & CO., Lothbury, E.C.
SECRETARY AND OFFICES.
J. J. KEYES, 34 Victoria Street, S.W.

PROSPECTUS.

THERE are almost unequalled opportunities at the present moment in British North America, which is as yet but slightly developed, for a Corporation such as this to secure a strong position and realize large profits. The DAWSON CITY (KLONDYKE) AND DOMINION TRADING CORPORATION, LIMITED, has been formed for the purpose of acquiring land, timber, water, mining, electric supply, gas, and other rights and concessions in Dawson City, in British Columbia, in British North America generally, and elsewhere; also investing in and undertaking the development of town lands and other properties, with a view to resale to sub-companies or otherwise; and for the objects set out in the Memorandum of Association. The development of such properties, carefully selected for subsequent flotation, should be a most profitable class of business. This is amply demonstrated by the present quotations on the London Stock Exchange and foreign Bourses of the shares of the companies engaged in this class of business. The Corporation will work in co-operation with, and supplement in its operations, the Klondyke and Columbian Goldfields, Limited, the Shares of which Company, although only recently formed, are quoted at a premium. Important features in the business of this Corporation will be the formation of Companies, the underwriting of new issues, and the investment of Capital in concerns the success of which is practically assured. With the opportunities which such a Board of Directors as that of this Corporation will possess for obtaining early and reliable information as to the best sources of investment, this part of the Corporation's business should, it is believed, prove a considerable source of profit. It is the intention of the Directors to make arrangements with certain well-known Stores in London, or, if deemed expedient, to do it themselves, to organize retail stores at the various mining centres in British North America and along the route to Klondyke, for account of this Corporation. The establishment of a transport service will also be considered. Both these classes of business should form a very solid source of revenue. The establishment of a Labour Bureau and the Colonisation of Agricultural Lands will be one of the objects of the Directors. The organisation and introduction of suitable labour (as distinguished from unskilled amateur workmen) to the mining fields and the colonisation of extensive tracts of land in their vicinity are enterprises which should be most remunerative. The Corporation will undertake, or assist in, the construction of public works, such as tramroads, waterworks and conduits, and electric installations; also the erection of metallurgical works, stores, dwelling-houses, and other works and buildings. There is every reason to believe that the profits to be realized by this Corporation, which it can be seen is formed to conduct a solid industrial class of business, will be such as will soon permit of the payment of an interim dividend. The only contract entered into is dated October 25, 1897, and is made between William Stewart Rainbow of the one part and the Company of the other part, whereby he is to have allotted to him the Deferred Shares as fully paid up (but which are not entitled to participate in any dividends until 20 per cent. has been paid on the Ordinary Shares), in consideration of which he agrees to pay all ex-

penses, legal and otherwise, attending the formation of the Company up to the first allotment of Shares, except registration fees, advertising expenses, and brokerage. The above-mentioned contract and the Memorandum and Articles of Association can be inspected by intending investors at the Offices of the Solicitors to the Company. An option for the purchase, on favourable terms, of valuable mineral properties of several hundreds of acres (part of which is eminently suitable for a town site) in British Columbia has been obtained. It is intended to make application in due course to the Committee of the Stock Exchange for an official quotation of the Company's Shares. Applications for Shares should be made on the form below or on that accompanying the Prospectus, and forwarded to the Bankers of the Company, together with a remittance for the amount payable on application.

FORM OF APPLICATION.
No.
DAWSON CITY (KLONDYKE) AND DOMINION TRADING CORPORATION, LIMITED.
APPLICATION FOR ORDINARY SHARES.
To the Directors of DAWSON CITY (KLONDYKE) AND DOMINION TRADING CORPORATION, LIMITED.
GENTLEMEN,—I request you to allot me Ordinary Shares of £1 each in the above-named Company, upon which I have paid to your Bankers the sum of £....., being the required deposit of 2s. 6d. per Share, and I hereby agree to accept the same, or any smaller number that may be allotted to me, upon the terms of the Prospectus dated August, 1897, and the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company; and authorize you to register me as the holder of the Shares so allotted to me, and engage to pay the further instalments as the same shall become due, and I agree to waive the specification of the dates and names of the parties to any contracts other than those specified in the Prospectus. In the event of my receiving no allotment the amount to be returned in full.
Usual Signature
Name (in full)
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
Address (in full)
Profession or Occupation
Date 1897.
Telegrams: "Notaculum, London." Telephone: 3289.
This Form to be filled up and sent with the deposit of 2s. 6d. per Share to Messrs. Brown, Janson, & Co., Abchurch Lane, London, E.C., or to the Bank of British Columbia, 60 Lombard Street, E.C.

NO WAIVER CLAUSE. NO UNDERWRITING.
The whole of the 588,000 Ordinary Shares will be devoted to Working Capital.

WOMEN'S TRADES' UNION LEAGUE.

Established by MRS. PATERSON in 1874.

OFFICE:

CLUB UNION BUILDINGS, CLERKENWELL ROAD, E.C.

Open daily from 10 to 1. Also Mondays, Tuesdays, Fridays,
8 to 10 P.M.

Chairman: Miss F. ROUTLEDGE, B.A.

Hon. Sec.: Miss GERTRUDE TUCKWELL.

Secretary: Miss WILSON.

Organizers: Mrs. MARLAND-BRODIE, Miss BARRY.

Treasurer: Miss MONCK.

Membership of the League consists in paying an annual subscription to the funds of the Society. These funds are applied to office expenses and the promotion of organization among women, to watching Legislation, and to social work.

OBJECTS.

- A. ORGANIZATION.** On invitation from affiliated Societies or Trades Councils, the League sends organizers to any London or provincial district to form new, or strengthen existing, Trades Unions.
- B. LEGISLATION.** The League has a membership of over 20,000 women Trade-Unionists, and acts as their agent in making representations to Government authorities or Parliamentary Committees with regard to their legislative requirements. Complaints as to grievances and breaches of Factory and Public Health Legislation are investigated by the League, and referred to the proper quarters, over 100 having been dealt with last year in this way.
- C. SOCIAL WORK.** The League arranges entertainments and forms clubs among working women. The Paterson Working Girls' Club meets weekly at the League Offices, which are also a house of call for women for purposes of inquiry, complaint, and information.

SEA-SIDE HOLIDAY AND CONVALESCENT HOME FOR THE BLIND.

SOUTHEND-ON-SEA, ESSEX.

A very earnest appeal is made for funds to establish a Sea-side Holiday and Convalescent Home for the Blind at Southend-on-Sea.

In London alone there are 3,573 blind persons, most of whom are in indigent circumstances, and have lost their sight through accident or disease, who by the loss have been reduced to a life of inactivity, consequent ill-health, and despair.

These people are not generally taken into the ordinary Convalescent Homes, as they require special attention.

Southend-on-Sea has been selected on account of its invigorating climate, its easy access and cheap railway fare for this proposed Institution.

It is hoped to provide accommodation for twelve inmates, who will be sent for a fortnight or three weeks' stay by Societies connected with, and persons interested in, the welfare of the sightless. A charge of Ten shillings per week will be made for each inmate, and a liberal diet provided. This charge will not enable the Institution to be self-supporting; it will, therefore, be partly dependent on the generosity of the benevolent, to whom this appeal is made, for the necessary funds for the furnishing and establishing this much-needed Home.

Donations and annual subscriptions will be thankfully received and acknowledged by W. G. SHAKESPEARE SMITH, Esq., Solicitor, 7 Charles Square, Hoxton, N., and 57 North End Road, West Kensington; and SAMUEL HAWTREE, Esq., Ivy Lodge, London Road, Southend-on-Sea; or they may be forwarded to BARCLAY & CO., Limited, Bankers, Southend, Essex, to the account "Seaside Home for the Blind."

References as to the bona fides of this appeal can be made to Sir FREDERICK YOUNG, J.P., K.C.M.G., 5 Queensberry Place, South Kensington, S.W.; ANDREW JOHNSTON, Esq., J.P., Chairman of the Essex County Council, 35 New Broad Street, E.C.; ALFRED PREVOST, Esq., J.P., Mayor of Southend-on-Sea; T. A. WALLIS, Esq., Indigent Blind Visiting Society, 27 Red Lion Square, W.C.; Rev. T. W. HERBERT, Vicar of Southend-on-Sea; E. A. WEDD, Esq., J.P., Chairman County Bench, Southend and Rochford.

THE SCHOOL FOR THE INDIGENT BLIND,

ST. GEORGE'S FIELDS, SOUTHWARK.

Junior Branch School—

WANDSWORTH COMMON, S.W.

PATRON—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

Upwards of 220 blind people receive the benefit of this Charity. Candidates totally blind, between the ages of 7 and 21, are elected by votes of subscribers, and (free of all cost) are received for six years at least, during which they are educated, taught a trade, and instructed in music if of sufficient ability.

SPECIAL APPEAL FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Average legacies for the ten years ending 1874 ...	£9,000
" " " " 1884 ...	£8,400
" " " " 1894 ...	£3,741
£5,000 reserved money sold out during the last two years.	

Bankers' account overdrawn £1,000 (increasing).

An Annual Subscription of One Guinea entitles the donor to one vote for each vacancy at all elections; Life Subscriptions, Ten Guineas.

Bankers—LLOYDS BANK, LIMITED, 54 St. James's Street, S.W.

ST. CLARE HILL, M.A., Chaplain and Secretary.

British Orphan Asylum, SLOUGH.

For the Maintenance and Education of Destitute Orphans from all parts of the British Empire, of all denominations, whose parents were once in prosperous circumstances. Orphans are admitted between the ages of 7 and 12, and are retained until 15.

The Committee earnestly appeal for increased support of an Institution which has been carrying on its work of usefulness nearly 70 years, and which is dependent on Voluntary aid.

Subscriptions and Donations most thankfully received. Annual Subscriptions:—For One Vote, 10s. 6d.; for Two Votes, £1 1s.; Life Subscription for One Vote, £5 5s.; for Two Votes, £10 10s.

Bankers—MESSRS. WILLIAMS, DEACON, AND MANCHESTER AND SALFORD BANK, Limited, 20 Birch Lane, E.C.

Offices—62 BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN, LONDON, E.C.

CHARLES T. HOSKINS, Secretary.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW sent by post at following rates per annum, paid in advance.

Any part of the United Kingdom	£1 8 2
All other parts of the World	1 10 4

Copies for India, China, Borneo, Burmah, Ceylon, Egypt, Mombasa, Zanzibar, Australia, and New Zealand are now posted in advance, and catch the Friday evening's mail.

WM. DAWSON & SONS, LIMITED, Successors to STEEL & JONES, 23 Craven Street, Strand, London, W.C.

The Subscription List will Close on or before MONDAY, 1 November.

Sole owners of the title and estate whence comes the Jarrahdale Jarrah hardwood, famous for wood paving, and of which there have been already laid in London streets alone upwards of twenty miles supplied from this property.

THE JARRAHDAL JARRAH FORESTS AND RAILWAYS, LIMITED.

Forests and Saw Mills at Jarrahdale, Freehold Wharves and Depôts at Rockingham, near Perth, Western Australia, and 45 miles of Railways in connection therewith.

SHARE CAPITAL - £300,000

Divided into 10,000 Cumulative Seven per Cent. Preference Shares of £10 each, and 20,000 Ordinary Shares of £10 each.

The whole of the Ordinary Shares will be taken by the Vendors as part payment of purchase money. The 10,000 Seven per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares (Preferential both as to Capital and Interest), are now offered for subscription. There will also be issued £100,000 of Five per Cent. First Mortgage Debentures of £100 each, redeemable at £110 within twenty-nine years by annual drawings, unless purchased in the open market.

The Shares and Debentures will be payable—Shares: 10s. per Share on Application; £3 10s. on Allotment; £3 on 15 December; £3 on 15 February, 1898. Debentures: £10 on Application; £40 on Allotment; £25 on 15 December; £25 on 15 February, 1898.

TRUSTEES FOR DEBENTURE-HOLDERS.

The Right Hon. LORD WENLOCK, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., late Governor of Madras.

Sir ROBERT G. W. HERBERT, G.C.B., late Permanent Under Secretary of State for the Colonies.

LONDON BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

The Right Hon. LORD WENLOCK, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., late Governor of Madras, Director of the York Union Banking Company, Limited (Chairman).

JAMES MARTIN, Esq., Chairman of the Great Southern Railway, Western Australia (recently sold to the Government of W.A.), (Vice-Chairman).

Colonel ALAN GARDNER, J.P., D.L., Director of the Brewery and Commercial Investment Trust, Limited.

C. PETO BENNETT, Esq., Timber Merchant, 27 Lombard Street, London, E.C.

* Being interested in the sale will join the Board after Allotment.

BANKERS.

LLOYDS BANK, Limited, 72 Lombard Street, London, and all Branches

BROKERS.

LONDON—Messrs. BUCKLER, NORMAN & GOWER, 11 Angel Court, London, E.C., and Stock Exchange.

SOLICITORS FOR THE COMPANY.

Messrs. ASHURST, MORRIS, CRISP & CO., 17 Throgmorton Avenue, London, E.C.

SECRETARY (pro tem.)

Mr. CHARLES EVES, F.C.A.

TEMPORARY OFFICES.

50 GRESHAM STREET, London, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

THIS Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring and developing on a largely extended scale the vast forest estates, and the saw mills, railways, &c. (within thirty miles of the City of Perth, Western Australia), now held by the Rockingham Railway and Jarrahdale Timber Company, Limited, a private concern owned by a few Australian proprietors.

The properties to be acquired consist of:—

1. The timber forests, upwards of 250,000 acres (i.e., 400 square miles) in extent, containing a practically inexhaustible supply of the finest Jarrahdale Jarrah wood, held under a Crown grant for an unexpired term of 33 years from 1st January, 1897, under very favourable terms at a mere nominal rent, the Grantees being specially exempt from the labourers' tax on all men employed on the property, whilst under new Grants a tax of £3 on each man employed is imposed.

2. Eighty acres of freehold at Jarrahdale, the head station of the Company, with the right to acquire, at a nominal price, the freehold of an additional 2,560 acres.

3. Fifty acres of freehold with two wharves or jetties at Rockingham, which forms the terminus and port for the outlet of a large portion of the timber business of the Company.

4. Forty-five miles of railways, either on freehold portions of the properties, or connecting Jarrahdale with the South Western Railway, and with the port of Rockingham, and the rolling stock in connection therewith.

5. The Vendor Company's interest in the timber yards at Perth.

6. The saw mills, plant, and machinery, the houses, buildings, manager's house, offices, stores, stables, blacksmith's and machine shops, foundry, recreation hall, hotel, chapel, and upwards of 140 dwelling houses for workmen, &c., which the vendors have built and constructed on the freehold property.

THE CROWN GRANT.—The terms of this Crown grant, made many years ago when the industry was in its infancy, are extremely favourable as compared with present grants by the Government.

The grant is for 250,000 acres, at a rental and payments averaging about £160 per annum and free from license fees, whereas the Government now limit their grants to blocks of 1,280 acres on terms providing for the payment of Rentals and Licenses from which this Company is exempt.

If a sufficient number of 1,280-acre blocks could be obtained to make up an equally important undertaking, the rental alone (without counting the license fees, from which this Company is free) would amount to £7,800 per annum.

Rockingham, the Company's Port, is one of the finest Harbours on the coast of Western Australia. Three large ships may be berthed at one time alongside the Company's wharves and jetties.

REPORT ON THE ESTATES AND TIMBER.—In 1896 the Government issued an exhaustive Report on the Forests of Western Australia, by Mr. J. Ednie Brown, Conservator of Forests for Western Australia, and formerly Director-General of Forests for New South Wales, in which considerable reference is made to the properties of the Vendor Company, which have taken many years and the expenditure of a large amount of Capital to develop to their present state.

Amongst other matters Mr. Ednie Brown says:—

"The property is the 'Jarrahdale,' so well known in the timber trade of the world, and the business in connection with it formed the first start in the export of timber from Western Australia. Considered as a whole, it is my opinion that there are in round numbers at least 2,100,000 loads of matured marketable timber upon this valuable concession.

"I estimate the realisable profits which could be obtained from the sale of the timber now upon the land to be, at present prices, £2,487,500, and that the whole property with its timber, railways, tramways, sawmills, engines, waggons, jetty, &c., &c., is worth as a going concern £500,000."

TRADE AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE BUSINESS.—Jarrah timber has rapidly come into favour, owing to its being non-absorbent and practically indestructible by damp, and a large local as well as export demand for Jarrahdale Jarrah has sprung up, so that the demand during the last few years has so increased that it is now in excess of the supply.

STREET PAVING.—One of the purposes to which Jarrah has been applied, and for which its use is only in its infancy, is the paving of streets. It is rapidly taking the place of the softer and cheaper woods formerly employed not only in London but in the provinces, and in Continental Cities. It may be mentioned that during the last few years the Vendor Company has supplied their wood for the paving of upwards of twenty miles of London streets, and the demand is rapidly growing.

The sales of the Jarrahdale Jarrah in England alone in one year have exceeded ten millions of blocks, and in London the Parish of Lambeth alone has used more than seven million blocks.

TIMBER MILLS.—There are at present four well-equipped Saw Mills of modern type upon the property, turning out upwards of 20,000 loads of timber per annum. Out of the additional working capital now being provided it is proposed to at once

erect two additional Mills, which it is expected can be completed within six months, a large quantity of the machinery for one large Mill being already on the ground, so that the product may be considerably increased in the first year of the Company's existence.

PROFITS.—The books of the Vendor Company have been examined by Messrs. Ford, Rhodes, Ford & Co., who have given the following certificate:—

"GENTLEMEN,—We have examined the books in Western Australia of the Rockingham Railway and Jarrahdale Timber Company, Limited, for the year ended the 31st December, 1896, and find therefrom that after making ample provision for depreciation of Plant, Machinery, Railways, and Rolling Stock, the net profits amount to £24,175.—We are, Gentlemen, yours faithfully,
"FORD, RHODES, FORD & CO."

This profit should be very considerably increased in future years, as it is proposed to take immediate steps to increase the product by at least 50 per cent.

Taking, however, the profits as £24,175 only—

Interest on £100,000 5 per cent. Debentures will require	£5,000
Sinking Fund on same, 2 per cent.	2,000
Interest on £100,000 7 per cent. Preference Shares	7,000
	£14,000

Leaving over £10,000 for dividends on Ordinary Shares (all of which are taken by the Vendors), Reserves, Management, &c.

After 10 per cent. has been divided on the Ordinary Shares, one-half of the surplus profits will be placed to a special Reserve Fund until at least £50,000 has been accumulated, any portion of which may be applied to augmenting the Sinking Fund for redemption of the Debentures.

WORKING CAPITAL.—Out of the present issue the Company will retain £30,000 for Working Capital, which it is estimated will be sufficient, after payment for Stocks, to extend the Saw Mills to double their present capacity and leave sufficient margin to carry on a trade twice as large as that at present carried on.

It is intended to apply for a Stock Exchange quotation.

The following Contracts have been entered into:—A Contract made the 27th August, 1897, between the Rockingham Railway and Jarrahdale Timber Company, Limited, the Capital, Share, and General Guarantee Company, Limited, and F. W. Hull as Trustee for this Company, and an adoption Contract dated 26 October, 1897, between the above three parties and this Company.

Full Prospectuses can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, or at its Bankers, Brokers, Solicitors, or Auditors.

THIS FORM OF APPLICATION MAY BE USED.

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